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The Buchholzes in Italy

Julius Stinde, Wilhelmine Buchholz, Harriet F. Powell

Actual tour.

Itinerario del viaggio.

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11 May, 1887.

THE
BUCHHOLZES IN ITALY.

TRAVELLING ADVENTURES OF
WILHELMINE BUCHHOLZ.

EDITED BY
(*Ernst Wilhelm*)
JULIUS STINDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRTY-SEVENTH EDITION
OF THE ORIGINAL BY

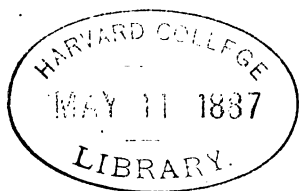
HARRIET F. POWELL.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1887.

[*Authorized Translation.*]

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Binot fund.

Io parlo per ver dire,
Non per odio d'altrui, nè per disprezzo.
PETRARCH, *Cant.* xvi.

IN PLACE OF A PREFACE.

From a Letter of the Publisher to the Editor.

. . . . I am therefore of opinion that you should be named as editor, for two names on the title-page add weight to it, and doubly increase its importance. You will easily be able to come to an understanding with Frau Wilhelmine Buchholz concerning necessary alterations ; I am the more ready to publish her book, as literary ladies are all the fashion.

Yours, etc.,

CARL FREUND.

Berlin, 2 April, 1883.

The Editor to the Publisher.

. . . . Had I imagined that Frau Buchholz would really have carried out her threat of writing a book on Italy, I should have been more cautious with my promises at the foot of Vesuvius. At all events, I will redeem my promise of acting as mentor to her work, should we not succeed in frightening her out of her publication, even at the eleventh hour.

With this intent, I have written to the lady in the most diplomatic phraseology possible, that her MS., to speak plainly, caused me some misgivings. First of all, I ventured to remark that she had by no means exhausted Italy. Then I hinted at lengthy sentences which required abridgment, unless she altogether ignored her readers' comfort. I laid the chief stress, however, on a series of opinions differing absolutely from those usually

received, the rejection of which was imperative, unless she entertained a marked desire to have stones thrown at her.

So far as style is concerned, I fear—between ourselves—that the use of expressions not permitted in polite society, although they certainly are highly commended by English and American humorists, as so-called “slang,” may meet with violent opposition from Germans, owing to their nicety of feeling regarding their language. As soon as I receive an answer I will communicate it to you at once.

Yours, etc.,

DR. JULIUS STINDE.

Frau Wilhelmine Buchholz to the Editor.

. . . . I quite see : you wish to cry off. But it will not succeed with me. You say, I have not exhausted Italy. Granted ! But have I wished to do so ? Have I entered into a contract to exhaust Italy ? Be quiet then !

I will have no abridgments. What are people, who only read books for the purpose of sending them to sleep, to do without long-winded phrases ? No, they must be considered too. On the other hand, I should be glad for you to add a great many notes, for if one takes up a classic author nowadays one finds more of the notes than of the original, and it would be very agreeable to me to be treated in like manner. Give yourself no trouble about my opinions ; if I am stoned, I will throw stones back again. Therefore you are to edit my book, and there is an end of the matter.

Yours, etc.,

WILHELMINE BUCHHOLZ.

P.S.—I will willingly allow you to introduce a little swing into the sentences in sentimental passages, and you can also attend to the headings, as I have not acquired the knack of doing them.

W. B.

To the Publisher.

. . . . As you see, my objections have not been successful. I should, however, wish to have Frau Buchholz's letter

published, in order that the sins she has committed may not be laid on me.

Yours, etc.,

DR. J. ST.

To the Editor.

. . . . Let us print the entire correspondence. It is true that something of the same kind has already been done in Immermann's "Münchhausen," but the public does not know that, as it persists in reading only the "Oberhof." But what are we to do with the valuable originals?

Yours, etc.,

C. F.

To the Publisher.

. . . . We will bequeath them to the National Museum.

St.

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

Frau Wilhelmine Buchholz to the Editor.

. . . . Who is right, now—you or I? You who endeavoured to disparage my book behind my back, to our common publisher, by not leaving it one single good point, or I, who did not trouble myself in the least about all your croaking? Now barely six months have passed, and the second edition has to be printed. Who then was right?—I naturally, for had your prophecies been true, the whole of the books would still have been on the top floor, which would have grieved me, if only on account of the bindings that look so pretty in the shop windows.

However, what I wished to ask you about is this: Shall I have the book reprinted exactly as it was, or can I add divers things to it that have only occurred to me later? You know when one comes down from the tower of the Council-house, one has seen more than before. Also, I should like to revenge myself somewhat on Frau Bergfeldt, as I have heard from the Police-lieutenant that she has expressed herself very disagreeably about me. In fact, she said that I had not written the book myself at all; it was by a young student who wished to become

my son-in-law. Now you do know better than that, doctor, for you have seen the MS. in my handwriting, and should it come to a lawsuit, I hope you will say how the matter stands, and not romance as do so many otherwise much esteemed authors.

Yours, etc.,

WILHELMINE BUCHHOLZ.

The Editor to Frau Wilhelmine Buchholz.

. . . . I should strongly advise you to avail yourself of the opportunity of a second edition, to improve your style by the removal of popular expressions, and carry out the hints given you by critics, who, so far as I can remember, bestow great praise, but also some blame upon you. If you wish to find sympathy among German professors, your mode of writing demands relentless correction; if you intend banishing the lines of wrath from the stern visages of individual critics, you must replace your own opinions by views which are universally received, and which are stumbling-blocks neither on the right nor left. Rub out the malice, make peace with Bergfeldt, write in pure academic style, and let your sentiments be neutral. Then it will be inevitable that you should be lauded as a much-to-be-considered, contemporaneous phenomenon.

Yours, etc.,

DR. JULIUS STINDE.

Frau Wilhelmine Buchholz to the Editor.

. . . . And why not? If the professors dislike my book, it has its grounds in reciprocity, for I dislike their books too. Does a critic reproach me with being sentimentally patriotic? it leaves me cold, for had I not always dearly loved my fatherland, I would have been forced to learn to love it in foreign regions beyond the Alps. And, once for all, love is a matter of feeling. There was only one censure that vexed me at first, and that was the reproach made by Theophil Zolling, in the 'Gegenwart,' that we Buchholzes in Italy passed the brandy-flask

round too diligently. "Some Tissot," he said, "might easily take the matter seriously, and look on the large consumption of drams as a peculiarity of the middle-class dwellers in the metropolis, which certainly does not accord with the truth."—Ought I to stint myself by as much as a single gulp on account of some fastidious Frenchman or other? Not if I know it. Or on account of Herr Zolling's delicacy? Certainly not.—"Let him turn up his eyes over the schnaps if he likes," said Uncle Fritz. "If Paul Linden were still the editor of the 'Gegenwart,' there would be more meaning in it, for he, as we say at skat, was the eldest hand; but what this fellow says cannot touch us, he is only the spade." Upon this I laughed heartily over my fear of Tissot.

As to the rest, I shall follow the critics' counsels as well as yours; that is to say, the next time, for the Buchholzes in Italy are going to remain now just as they are. A few additions will be made, and one more glass of cognac which I had forgotten.

Yours, etc.,

WILHELMINE BUCHHOLZ.

TO THE THIRD, FOURTH, ETC. EDITIONS.

A new edition has again become necessary. My publisher says that it will not be the last; but the prefaces must cease, as otherwise the text will be stifled. I am sorry for this, for to the author a preface is, so to speak, a stretching out of his hand in the expectation that the reader will kindly place his in it for a greeting, as is the custom with good friends. I have carefully expunged all the errors of the press that I could find; but heaven is sure to take care that fresh ones find their way in. My kind readers will have the goodness to look them out for themselves. This is really a very amusing occupation. To all readers, male and female, the heartiest greeting from my Carl, Uncle Fritz, and

Their most obedient

WILHELMINE BUCHHOLZ.

Berlin, May, 1884.

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MESSRS. BELL *give notice that Translations of the
Second Part of*

THE BUCHHOLZ FAMILY,

AND OF

THE BUCHHOLZES IN ITALY,

are now in preparation.

Actual tour.
Itinerario del viaggio.

——— { Actual tour.
 { Itinerario del viaggio.
 ——— { Excluded routes.
 { Linee non comprese nell' itinerario.
 ——— { Optional extension.
 { Percorso facoltativo.

THE BUCHHOLZES IN ITALY.

PREPARATIONS.

Why Herr Buchholz travelled to Italy and Frau Buchholz accompanied him—Uncle Fritz—Why Frau Buchholz got angry with Frau Bergfeldt—Study of languages—Cares of the toilette—Reflections on historic ground.

It never would have occurred to me, even in a dream, that I should see in my life-time the land where the lemon-trees blossom, and where art was nursed into maturity by the old masters, had necessity not come and said : “Wilhelmine, resistance is of no avail ; you must go to Italy.”

This necessity was rheumatism, that my kind-hearted husband, my Carl beloved above everything, had contracted, and which would not forsake him. When neither salicylic nor electricity availed, our medical man, Dr. Wrenzchen, shook his head, and declared that change of climate would be the best thing, otherwise the rheumatics would become so fixed, that they could not even be displaced by a crow-bar. Of course we had a climate in Berlin, too ; but it was like this—the almanack said spring, and on the roofs lay snow ; in a word, the weather was abominable.

“Go south,” said Dr. Wrenzchen. My Carl resisted, and suggested that a vapour bath would be the same thing. However, my younger brother, called Uncle Fritz by the children, backed the doctor up, and offered to come with

us, as he wished to open up mercantile connexions personally in Italy.

"You will see that we shall both amuse ourselves splendidly," said he to my Carl.

Those words went through and through me. I had often enough had reason to exhort Fritz to give up his dangerous bachelorhood, and now he intended to amuse himself splendidly with my Carl yonder, where glowing-eyed Italian women have their home, and the stranger is instantly stabbed if he so much as lets it be seen that one of them pleases him. I could not, I dared not, permit this. Therefore I embraced a heroic resolution, and cried: "Carl, I will not let you go alone amongst robbers and murderers; your faithful wife shall go with you."

The corners of Uncle Fritz's mouth certainly dropped somewhat as he listened to my words; but my Carl gave me his hand, and answered: "Wilhelmine, you are an angel. Only it will be rather an expensive affair."

"Have no anxieties about mammon, my Carl. Have I not always received a respectable honorarium for my literary work, and can I use my savings to better purpose than in accompanying you to a savage land? There is not a penny of housekeeping money among them, I swear it sacredly to you."

In this way the most important objection was obviated; and as we discussed further particulars concerning the journey, it became clearer and clearer that my determination to join their travels was the most judicious in the world. Even Uncle Fritz thought at last that should a button by chance require sewing on, I could look after it capitally, and opposed himself no longer to my company. Indeed, it would have availed him little.

We now divided the preparations amongst us. Uncle Fritz had to occupy himself with the route, to attend to the

guide-books, and to inquire from people who had already been in Italy the best way to set about the thing. All matters of equipment devolved on me, and my Carl, poor rheumatic creature, was obliged to turn his attention to Italian, as he could not trouble himself about other matters on account of his suffering condition. It was a touching picture as the patient soul sat by the stove and instructed himself in the strange tongue. By the end of a week, however, he thought that he could find his way along, and on the day of departure he said: "Italian gives me no further trouble." This made me at once proud and happy.

During the time that remained to me, I by no means sat with my hands in my lap, for firstly, a light grey travelling costume had to be finished for me, and there must not be wanting a new airy summer dress for boating in the bay of Naples. Then there was new linen for my Carl, and a white suit. We intended to buy the genuine Italian straw hat at the fountain head. In the evenings I studied art history, for nothing is more silly than for a person to go to Italy without possessing the faintest idea of art. Of course, whoever goes on account of rheumatism incurs no blame in this respect; the mild climate is the principal matter for him. But what do people want in Italy who know neither what is Antique nor what is Renaissance, who have never heard a word of the Tuscan or Umbrian schools, and who do not possess even the merest sprinkling of architectural knowledge? Such people would do better to stay at home, instead of gazing at works of art like a pug at a cold stove.*

* My worthy friend goes rather too far in this; but she is to be excused in so far as she also seems to be governed by the universally diffused opinion that Italy is a kind of museum, a visit to which is not a pleasure, but a task that the German rushes through in order to display his supposed intelligence before the divers objects, and which he leaves for the purpose of giving an account of his newly-acquired knowledge at home. As, however, mankind in general is not an animal created for

These preparations, however, were not to be got through without vexation, for firstly I was obliged to be angry with Uncle Fritz, and secondly with Frau Bergfeldt. Uncle Fritz told me, in the presence of the children, that I had no notion of travelling, as what I contemplated was simply taking trunks for a promenade. I would do well to leave my summer dress at home, and the white suit for my husband was rubbish. "Have you ever been in Italy before?" I asked him sharply.—"No!" said he.—"Then don't talk about things that you don't understand. Where oranges ripen it must be warm, and where it is warm people don't go in winter garments. You have probably held the map upside down and taken Kamtchatka for Italy!" He had not a word in answer to this. He certainly shrugged his shoulder as if he meant to express, "Have it your own way," but of credible reasons he had none at hand.

In the meantime my Carl had been looking into the dictionary, and he explained: "Upside down is *sopra testa*!"—"Be off and learn something like other people!" exclaimed I. Uncle Fritz vanished with diabolical laughter.

Frau Bergfeldt prepared the second annoyance for me. She had naturally heard about the journey and paid me a visit of curiosity. "So you are going to Italy?" she asked, and then continued: "Yes, middle-class folk cannot do that, *that* must make shift with Treptow and the *Eierhauschen*!" I explained to her that my husband's rheumatism made the journey necessary, but she suggested that Ochsenkrozius plaster had greatly benefited her husband

the purpose of examinations, nor forced to testify to his art knowledge on oath, he may visit Italy with profit whose heart rejoices at the sight of the beautiful, and who does not let this joy be embittered by foolish shame, because he cannot classify every painted rag, every piece of weather-beaten marble, every tumble-down wall, like an expert.—
EDITOR'S NOTE.

formerly, and what did I want with Italy when I looked healthier than a native of that country.

I gave no answer to this piece of impertinence, although I itched inwardly to do so, but poured out her third cup of coffee with a cold smile. When she had secured this she asked: "And where will your two daughters stay?"—"Here, at home."—"Quite alone?"—"Old Mary, our servant, will look after them."—"As a mother I should feel uneasy about that."—"Why so?"—"Servants themselves commit follies!"—"I do not understand you, my dear!"—Frau Bergfeldt grinned and said: "The two girls have grown up nicely, but it is just at their ages that one ought to be careful! Too many young bachelors roam about Berlin, to say nothing of the officers!"

My patience came to an end at this. "Have no fear, my dear. My two girls have been educated to colour blindness, they do not rush to the window if a man passes in clothes of two colours. My daughters have no need to sit by the Flora * in the Park with a book and make eyes over it for beaux!"—"Neither do mine, my dear," said Frau Bergfeldt spitefully.—"Delighted to hear it," I exclaimed; "but yours sit there all the same." That was slander she declared. I answered that I certainly would not allow my children to be calumniated, and what I had said was the truth. Well, we did not part exactly like intimate friends.

When Frau Bergfeldt had gone, I said to my husband: "Carl, let us start, the sooner the better. This woman only wishes to embitter my pleasure. I know that I can rely on the children and on old Mary. In addition I will ask the Krauses to look occasionally that everything is right."

"Do so, Wilhelmine," answered my Carl; "I am longing for a milder climate too. It is the second of April already,

* A statue in the Thiergarten.—Tr.

and out of doors the snow is circling in large flakes. April is easy to remember, it is called *Aprile* in Italian."

Early next morning Uncle Fritz went to the office for sleeping cars, Unter die Linden, and there bought three tickets for a circular tour, as well as tickets for the sleeping cars as far as Munich. My suffering lamb of a husband was to be made comfortable, and I prefer lying during the night to sitting huddled up in the corner of the carriage. As far as Uncle Fritz is concerned, the best is just good enough for him; indeed, he even imagines that sleeping cars were invented expressly for him.

In the afternoon we entered our sleeping car at the Anhalt station, and steamed out of it at half-past two in the so-called Roman train. The German Emperors travelled by the same train to Italy in former times,* so that, taken accurately, the historic element in the journey really begins at the Askanischer Platz and continues until having arrived in Italy, one really wades about in ancient history. But first one ought to read something about antiquity, or have it related by experts, as otherwise one takes historic ground for quite ordinary building rubbish, and in setting foot upon it has no other feelings than those with which you walk past the Rehberg and read on a board the inscription: "Rubbish can be shot here."

In the transforming light of history, however, even the most insignificant becomes interesting, and any one of a nervous nature gets more creepy feelings on historic ground, than he would from reading the *Police News*, to which Herr Krause subscribes, and which we sometimes borrow. But, as I have said, preparatory study is absolutely necessary for this.

* Frau Buchholz certainly takes the centuries in a lump, but if she sometimes buries the present in the past, by way of change, she only follows the antiquizing currents of our days.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

FORWARDS.

In the sleeping car—Herr Oehmichen—The antique from the utilitarian point of view—The first game of skat—Herr Spannbein and the Art-Brahmins—Adam and Eve—Why the fortress of Kufstein cannot be taken—How mountain scenery ought to be painted—Botzen—Why Herr Buchholz escaped a curtain lecture.

BERLIN lay behind us ; Lichterfeld too, with its cadet-factory, had long vanished from our gaze, and we went ceaselessly on into the wide world. I thought about the children and felt quite soft-hearted. "No," said I to myself, "my two girls won't look out of the window after young men. That Bergfeldt is a slanderous old termagant!"

We were very comfortable in the sleeping car, which really is arranged like a little hotel. The guard—his name was Stoll—made us some delicious coffee, and as there was iced beer and other refreshing drinks every one could have what he wished for, and a glass of something hot did my Carl much good.

"If we could only have a game of skat, there would be nothing to complain of," suggested Uncle Fritz.

"Horrible!" exclaimed I, "what profanity! We are travelling towards the classic land, and you can think of your godless cards."

"Wilhelmine," answered Uncle Fritz, "had the old Greeks and Romans known skat, they would not have let themselves be ruined so quietly, for skat keeps one awake."—"Heaven knows," sighed I, "that you can never tear yourselves away from the four knaves before midnight!"—"How would it be, Mienchen, if we had a three game of sixty-six?"

Uncle Fritz held a brand-new pack of cards under my Carl's eyes, saying: "This is to help us through many a tedious hour in Italy." I turned aside, deeply offended, and, without answering one word, looked through the window at the landscape. But this afforded me little entertainment, for it remains the same for miles, and is all surface without a single respectable hill like the Kreuzberg. Therefore, when, after a short period, my Carl again invited me to play with them, I did not say no, and by the time we reached Leipzig I had won one mark and twenty pfennigs from the two, for which sum I purchased some roll sandwiches at the station, which tasted very good later, for they were certainly not kept too long.

A gentleman got in at Leipzig, with whom we very soon became acquainted. It was Herr Oehmichen, a manufacturer of check trouser-cloth, from Glauchau, who was going to Italy to study there as he expressed himself. When I wished upon this to engage in a cultivated conversation with him on the Antique, about which I had lately been reading much that was instructive, he said: "No, no, my good madam, the antique is nothing to me. Why? Because she has so absolutely little on. But it will be most extraordinary if I do not find in Italy one or more ideas for patterns for trouser-cloth. Why? Because the old masters must have had taste, or else they would hardly have become celebrated." Herr Oehmichen had not a single good word for the more modern painters. He said, they had not a trace of imagination, one might rush through all the art exhibitions without finding even the suggestion of an idea. "Why? Because they always paint materials that were the fashion years ago, and with which there is naturally no more business to be done. And what a charm would not the pictures possess if the painters would give themselves the trouble of representing new patterns for materials? They

always talk about colouring, but they pay no attention to pattern."

"How so?" I asked Herr Oehmichen. "Well," he said, "modern artists neglect details in the most unwarrantable manner. Just study a portrait by Lenbach. He usually sticks the hands behind the back, and if he does paint them they look like a bundle of Frankfort sausages in Rembrandtian gloom." I remarked: "It is scarcely a matter of the hands, rather of the ideal spirit."—"Well, yes," he answered, "of that too, but such a spirit must have hands and feet and something on."

As a Saxon, Herr Oehmichen was a born skat-player, and so the wished-for set was complete. The gentlemen played until we had supper, quite proportionate to the late hour, at Reichenbach, and then we retired to our berths.

Herr Kleines, of the sleeping-car office, had taken care that my Carl and I got a charming compartment for two people. The beds were so inviting that I preferred betaking myself to bed at once, and as, owing to his rheumatism, I could not demand gymnastic feats from my Carl, I took the top berth for myself. I got up more easily than I had expected, and as I lay there I said to myself: "You could not be better off, Wilhelmine; to lie at full length in bed, and still arrive in Italy . . . that is really supernatural!"

The next morning we were in Munich, but as we had not only rested excellently well, but made our toilettes and drunk our coffee, we were able to push on at once without fatigue. A day's delay and the hotel were saved. Besides, the weather was not inviting for a stay. What we could see of Munich lay under snow, and the sky made a face as if it did not know whether to smile or sulk over the day.

It was not as comfortable in the compartment of the train that we had to take as it had been in the sleeping car, but it was bearable. Herr Oehmichen stayed for the present

at Munich in order to try and fish out some ideas there—a circumstance that grieved me much, as on the whole he had very intelligent and sterling ideas. On the other hand, we made the acquaintance of a young painter, who got into our carriage, and whose high culture was speedily noticeable, for he wore kid gloves, and was splendid as regarded coiffure, traits not usually possessed by painters. The conversation was soon in easy flow, for I am in favour of speaking to my fellow travellers, as I consider aristocratic seclusion tedious while on a journey. One wants, too, to learn to know other people, and he who does not ask will get no information. Herr Spannbein revealed himself as a charming young man, so much so that Uncle Fritz very soon vouchsafed to make him free of the brandy-flask.

I asked, in order to give the conversation a suitable turn, whether the Munich School of Painting was in a very flourishing condition? Herr Spannbein answered the question affirmatively, and added, that a dozen celebrated painters were discovered in Munich every year, especially Poles and Russians, but that after the lapse of five years the discoverers did not even know them by name. Art-Brahmins were as little wanting in Munich as in other places.

“But what, in point of fact, are Art-Brahmins?” I asked him.—“They are people who write about art without a shadow of knowledge on the subject,” he answered. “Never read a book on art, my dear madam. Look for yourself, feel for yourself, and buy the pictures that please you. That is the real sense of art.”—“But one must get instruction!” I interrupted.—“Were the Ancient Greeks instructed? Had Phidias a book from which he learned? Did the old masters paint according to art history, or has art history been written after their works? No, art existed before criticism, just as the art of cooking existed before cookery books.”

I had to confess that I had not considered art from this side, and also had not met with any one who was capable of expressing himself with so much certainty and general intelligence on a difficult subject, as Herr Spannbein. "Whoever attempts cooking according to a cookery book is lost," I answered, "were it only on account of the eggs. A practical housewife only requires half."

"Exactly like grasp of subject in painting," answered Herr Spannbein. "Much less suffices than is generally supposed. I know painters whose pictures are not to be looked at on account of the amount of grasp in them. There is no colouring there, no drawing, no technique . . . but grasp. And the Art-Brahmins place themselves in front of a daub like that, turn up their eyes and are generally dissolved in bliss. Decently painted pictures, on the contrary, are written down by them: I can tell a tale about that!"

I borrowed the flask from Uncle Fritz, to whom its management had been committed, and fortified Herr Spannbein, who had talked himself into a mighty fervour. Then I asked him: "Where are people like us to get an opinion on art, if not from books?"

"Look first at nature and then at works of art," exclaimed Herr Spannbein. "If you discover nature in the artist's works, then they are good."—To this I answered that there was much in nature which it was not correct to contemplate, as for instance, in my opinion, Adam and Eve, and communicated Herr Oehmichen's opinion to him in reference to the Antique. Herr Spannbein gave a pitying smile and said: "Everything is correct in art. Besides, you need not be afraid of the Antique in Italy, for, for the benefit of prudish Englishwomen, the statues in the collections and museums are all decorated with fig-leaves, as if they too had fallen through sin. And it *was* a sin to let themselves be dug up by people who clothe the images of their god-like ancestors

in order that they might not be found 'shocking' by school-girls!"

Our dialogue about these special details of art did not seem to please my Carl, who until now had been learning diligently from his Italian phrasebook, and he therefore asked Herr Spannbein if he played skat. He had scarcely answered in the affirmative before the game was set going. This time the interruption came very opportunely for me, for Herr Spannbein's views corresponded in no respect with those I had lately drawn from books, and this confused me so utterly that I needed quiet, and I endeavoured to restore its balance to my perturbed spirit by a contemplation of the landscape.

The snow ceased gradually. Field and meadow showed the first traces of young green, though the trees were still bare, and the firs alone in their needle-like raiment gave indications of how the whole would look when summer returned once more. The mountains to the right and left of us continued to get higher. The greater number were still covered with winter snows, but primroses blossomed already in the valley through which we were travelling, quite close to the rails. This was the first greeting from the spring which tarried beyond the Alps and towards which we were travelling, as it could not come to us yet, because it was not warm enough for it up yonder in the north, for as I read a little while ago in the 'Housewife's Journal,' according to the latest researches of learned men, spring does not bring warmth, but warmth brings spring. How totally different nature does appear when one contemplates it through the eye-glasses of science!

Our train entered the station of Kufstein. Kufstein is charmingly situated on a river, with its slender pinnacles, high above which steep rocks tower, where a fortress is to be seen which cannot be taken unless by dynamite, as a charming

Austrian officer assured me afterwards on the platform. Only by boring a hole in the rock immediately beneath it, and, after it had been filled with a sufficient quantity of dynamite, causing it to explode by means of a slow match, would the enemy be in a position to blow up this impregnable fortress. But, on the other hand, this would be impossible, as a sentry always stood outside who would instantly report any such attempt at boring to the commandant. I saw the sentry's hut, too, with my own eyes.

Notwithstanding its beautiful situation, Kufstein did not please me in the measure in which it ought to have pleased me, for the Austrian custom house is there, and a custom house examination will spoil the best amusement. One has to enter with trunks and travelling bags, to open them, and permit male custom house officials to glance at the most private details of the wardrobe. Well, thank God, I am a respectable woman and can exhibit the wherewithal to cover my body anywhere, but still it was very painful to my feelings when the young man asked me if I had weapons and tobacco among my luggage, and searched amid my night gear for revolvers and cigars. "Well," I said, "young man, I neither smoke in bed nor do I shoot; Frau Buchholz is not quite so emancipated as all that!"

After we had happily surmounted the custom house inspection, we made our way to the restaurant, to recruit our energies, but I had excited myself so much that I could not enjoy it, and was quite glad when we got into the train again and left a place where my feelings of delicacy had been most deeply wounded by the narrowness of fiscal policy.

We were already seated in Italian carriages. The first class is like our second, and the second distinguishes itself from our third principally by its seats being covered with American cloth. However we did not trouble ourselves

much about that, but were pleased that the four of us got a compartment to ourselves. Herr Spannbein, I must explain, had joined us again.

And now we were journeying in the Tyrol. Never could I have believed that there were so many mountains in the world, nor could I refrain from giving frequent expression to my delight with them. Herr Spannbein said he could not at all understand my excitement; had I been in Switzerland, I would not make such a fuss about these molehills.

Such arrogance displeased me. "I take delight in what I have, and not in things that other people consider better, and that I don't know," I said sharply. "In addition, I need only call your attention to the fact that I come from a flat country, where, with the exception of the Kreuzberg and the Pichelsberg on the Havel, there is not a respectable measurable elevation. Here I see what is for me a new world. The grey boulders, the dark pine woods, the many pleasant villages with their gaily painted houses, please me too well. If the wind would disperse the misty clouds, and brilliant snow summits bathed in sunshine were suddenly to appear up yonder in the blue cloudless spaces, then I might even want to call out to the train to stand still for a moment. And you wish to make such enjoyment loathsome to me?"

Herr Spannbein apologised and said that he certainly did not wish to spoil my pleasure, but he could not help the fact that the Swiss mountains did happen to be higher than those in the Tyrol. In fine, it was quite the same to a painter what height a mountain might be, he would certainly get it on his canvas. I asked, whether he could accomplish that too?—"Nothing is easier than a mountain landscape," he answered. "You mix till you get the local tone of colour, smear it on up and down, put Chinese white on the top, and flip, flap, throw on your pines with the brush. If you are

not inclined to work in the whole mountain, then clouds and mist are painted over it. The painters of mountain landscape can make as good a use of the clouds as painters of battle-pieces do of gunpowder. If art fails them, they make smoke."

"And what do you actually paint?" asked my Carl.

"Subject pictures," answered Herr Spannbein with self-consciousness. He then added, somewhat depressed: "But that is just the field that the Art-Brahmins have sought out for writing down. Either the subject does not suit them, or the colouring or the execution. They never find grasp in it."

"That is very distressing," I said consolingly.

Then he became quite confidential and told us about a picture that he had painted, a "Noble Lady with a Parrot," which the Art-Brahmins in their criticisms made out to be so awfully bad that he had hardly dared to let himself be seen. And all his fellow painters had praised the picture. And it was good, they had all said that. He was quite sore, as if he had just been cudgelled.

Whereupon Uncle Fritz reminded us that it was some time since we had had *One*. Herr Spannbein, too, was again allowed to participate in the cognac.

Before we noticed it, we were at Innsbrück. How beautifully the town lies! We saw the Zillerthal Alps, where the Tyrolese Singers come from, in the distance, and the mountains that lock in the wide valley through which the Inn flows. Had my Carl not been suffering I would have proposed remaining a day there, but he said: "Wilhelmine, the doctor has prescribed the South for me, and that is said to be much more beautiful than the country on this side of the Alps."

"That would hardly be," I answered.—"You have not seen Switzerland yet," the painter interrupted me again.

"What does a subject painter understand about scenery?" I thundered him down. Then he held his peace.

Indeed, we all were silent, until the country began to make me apprehensive. "Where will the train go now?" I asked; "it can hardly go over the mountain in front of us."—"O, yes, it must," exclaimed Uncle Fritz; "you will see how they have taught it to climb."

And so it was. At Renz's and at the Walhalla I have seen much break-neck work done by human beings, and unreasoning creatures such as elephants, who walk on bottles, and quite tiny children, who do gymnastics on their father's heads like cockchafers; but when I saw how an absolutely senseless locomotive could find its way to the top of a mountain, I was forced to respect the human mind that made such a thing possible. The higher up we got, the more wintry it became again, for the Brenner was quite covered with snow. A halt was made at the station on the summit. We saw the Brenner lake with its green waters amid the snow summits, and the Eisack which flings itself down in a waterfall. If one lived in solitude there, nothing would be heard day or night but the rushing of the water; now, however, the locomotive pays it a visit twice daily, and whistles, and shrieks, and destroys the poetic impression. But is it not the same everywhere? Mankind rants and rushes through life as if the earth were nothing but a railway station, and one cannot but be astonished that there are still poets who find quiet in which to compose. Therefore it is well that youthful talent should be treated as harshly as possible, that it may lose its delicate susceptibility, and be able to work amid the universal uproar, as if poetry were a kind of stone-breaking.

After paddling about for a little in the snow, we got into the train again, and now began the descent. Soon we had the white summits above us, and it became warmer and

warmer. And now came green trees ; and when we were once more in the valley, and the train had assumed its usual speed, we rushed through the most magnificent spring. And what a spring ! All the trees were in blossom—instead of the snows of winter, snow of blossoms.

“ Carl,” said I to my husband, “ I feel exactly as I did that time when I went to Werder for the first time with my grandmother, and the cherry-trees were in blossom. Only it is rockier here, and more magnificent, and there they have potatoes in the fields instead of trailing vines, otherwise it is very much the same.”

I could not find out the names of all the places that we went by, for Herr Spannbein’s geographical knowledge proved to be very defective. But I took pleasure in all the little towns and cleanly villages that we passed, and especially in the trim churches that lay there like clucking hens, to which the tombstones clung like chickens seeking for protection when the night comes. Living is certainly pleasanter in the towns ; burying, on the contrary, in the country. I am utterly and completely opposed to cremation, for man is not placed in the world to be stewed.

Late in the afternoon we reached Botzen, which is celebrated for its preserved fruits. Well, there is no art in preserving in a place where so much fruit grows. But what are we to do at home when the damsons do not ripen properly, as happened last year?—We make pickled plums of them.

We remained in Botzen, as my Carl had to rest. But the air was so mild that we were able to undertake a long moonlight walk late in the evening. Uncle Fritz discovered a beer-garden, into which he dragged us. “ We shall have no more beer for some time,” he said.—I was very angry.

But when I saw how Herr Spannbein, who certainly is an artist, enjoyed himself, I drank my modest glass also, although I was perfectly conscious that I had not under-

taken the journey to drink beer in a place full of smoke, nor to watch the gentlemen playing skat. So, as has often happened in life, mine was the one feeling heart among the maskers, and I thought with a certain malicious joy that Uncle Fritz would be obliged for some weeks to renounce his beer, to which he is so devoted, that on its account he has not yet attained to matrimony. I prepared a short evening hortatory discourse for my Carl, but as his rheumatism again tortured him greatly, I spared him for the present. Everything must just have its time.

BEYOND THE ALPS.

The wife as victim to the Regie-cigars*—Horrors of the custom house—Why it is fortunate that the world is not ruled by painters—Verona—Why everlasting peace is desirable for Italy—The guardian angel in the ruins—*Molto interessante*—Combats of wild beasts—Wilhelmine Buchholz grasps an idea—Juliet's grave—The underdone one—The trunks.

WE continued our journey early next morning. We were at the station betimes, and went into the waiting-room; but mankind had been smoking cigars there the day before, and the smell of them still hung about the walls. Anything so horrible had never before greeted my nose. When Uncle Fritz explained to me that this was the aroma of Regie-cigars, I pitied all the wives in the world whose husbands were obliged to smoke Regie-tobacco, for never again can they get the odour out of curtains or furniture. And how can one embrace a husband lovingly who reeks with a pestilential odour, in comparison to which the Panke † is like Eau de Cologne. However, Herr Spannbein advised me to accustom myself to it, as in Italy tobacco was even

* So called on account of the Government monopoly.—TR.

† A malodorous tributary of the Spree.—TR.!

worse than in Austria.—“Never!” answered I with determination, and hurried into the open air. After a while my Carl followed me. “Wilhelmine,” he said imploringly, “you must help me.”—“How?” I asked in astonishment.—“I have smuggled a lot of cigars safely through the Austrian customs, but Herr Spannbein has just told me that in Ala on the Italian frontier tobacco is dealt with even more mercilessly than in Kufstein. Suppose you were to take a few packets?”—“Carl!” I exclaimed in terror, “do you wish to seduce me to deeds of horror?”—“Nobody will search *you* for cigars.”—“I cannot deceive the State.”—“Duty is so unreasonably high,” answered my Carl; “and do you want me to be forced to smoke Government cigars?”—“No,” I answered; “in that case my whole journey would be spoiled by smoke.”—“Then you consent?”—“Can I do otherwise?” I sighed. “Ah, I thought that Italy was a heavenly flower-garden, but I perceive already that stinging-nettles grow among them. I will do what I can, my Carl.”

The train bustled in. We got into a compartment where each one had his window corner. Beautiful as nature was—I could only half enjoy it, for the cigars caused me uneasiness. Nor was my Carl in spirits. He took up his Italian lesson-book again and studied diligently.

The houses displayed a different architecture to those we had seen; now and again dark-pointed cypresses stood in the vicinity of the churches, and looked as if nature had made them for solemn notes of exclamation. Everything was changed, and I thought with terror upon the fact that the language of the people was changed too, and that they understood no German and I no Italian. But I consoled myself, for my Carl was learning so hard that perspiration stood on his forehead. “Carl,” I whispered to him, “how about the cigars?”—My Carl spoke a few words into Uncle Fritz’s ear, who hereupon caused Herr Spannbein to

put his head out of the carriage window. Uncle Fritz too acted as if he must necessarily observe the landscape, and hereby prevented Herr Spannbein from drawing back. My Carl now produced the cigars rolled up, and I fastened them under my dress. Had Herr Spannbein turned round at this moment, I verily believe I should have sunk through the floor and the train would have crushed me to a jelly. When I was once more presentable, I smiled as if nothing had happened, but internally I was so unhappy that I should have liked best to travel homewards at once, if it could have been done with decency. But Uncle Fritz had the happy thought to look after the flask, and in consequence of this we were soon as good-tempered as was possible under these painful circumstances. Herr Spannbein drew my attention to the remains of a landslip that is said to have demolished a flourishing town. At any other time I would willingly have felt pity for the innocent people who were destroyed by the mountain, but now I was incapable of doing so, the cigars worried me too much.

Ala came at last. I felt as if I must choke. Our trunks were brought and laid on long tables. A custom-house official approached our luggage, and asked me something, gesticulating briskly the while.—I did not understand one word of what he was saying. This moment was awful. Seeking for help I looked at my Carl, but I saw only too well that he also could make nothing of their clatter. And yet he had learned Italian so diligently !

Fortunately Herr Spannbein was a saviour in our need, for he could make himself intelligible to the official, who behaved better than we had expected, for, after our things had been curiously examined, we were allowed to depart. Uncle Fritz, who only travelled with a small hand trunk, seemed, so it appeared to me, to get on quite well with another inspector. This was puzzling to me.

Before we reached the waiting-room I saw enacted a terrible drama, a lady being obliged by a custom-house official to enter a room where a woman was to search her. The lady resisted, but it availed her nothing, and the door was closed behind the miserable woman. Then I made a vow never again to smuggle, and arrived in the waiting-room more dead than alive. But the cigars were saved.

All the fear I had endured caused my tongue to cleave to the roof of my mouth. "Carl," said I, "get me a bottle of seltzer, I cannot endure the thirst any longer."—Never shall I forget the look with which my Carl regarded me as he asked: "Do you know what seltzer is in Italian?"—I looked for Herr Spannbein; he was not there.—"Carl, I am fainting!"—My Carl took courage. He went to the buffet. I saw him speaking to the waiting-room host, who thereupon handed him a bottle. My Carl returned. "I cannot get seltzer," said he somewhat dejectedly, "but I have brought a half bottle of wine." He poured it out and I took a right thirsty gulp. But whatever was the matter with me?—My Carl had got hold of a bottle of bitters instead of the seltzer! "Carl," said I, "is this all the Italian you have learned? If you commit many more such mistakes in the language, you will soon have me in the churchyard, for such stuff will not agree with me. You should have learned what seltzer is first of all, for that is what one requires most." He turned over the leaves of his pocket dictionary, but as it turned out Uncle Fritz had taken the volume with S. My thirst became more tormenting from one moment to another, especially after the bitter drink. There was nothing more to be done; I took courage, went myself and demanded loudly and clearly: "A seltzer!" The man nodded, and the waiter brought me a syphon.—"Look, Carl," said I in delight, "seltzer is called seltzer in Italian." Then my Carl asked the waiter "*quanto costa?*" who gave him some

copper coins in change for an Austrian gulden. When he had gone, my Carl said : "I believe the waiter has done me," but I consoled him with the idea that it was part of the price every one must pay for his experience in a foreign land ; he was not to worry himself, we should manage to get on quite well.

But my happiness was not complete until we had steamed off with our luggage and left Ala and its customs behind us. We were now in Italy and beyond the reach of all danger. The country might certainly have been more beautiful, but I was interested in the fields on which corn was thriving, and which were planted in addition with mulberry-trees, whose leaves are given to the silkworms. Far as the eye could reach, one saw trees, and vines winding from tree to tree like so many garlands. Farmyards lay between them, and we saw people too at the wayside stations, but they were not decked in silk, they were clothed rather in coarse stuffs, and made a miserable impression amid all the fruitfulness. Herr Spannbein found the company highly picturesque, but I remarked that I was more in favour of soap. Uncle Fritz agreed with me and declared that the children were downright bundles of filth. It is a great blessing that the world is not governed by painters, as otherwise it would probably be ruined by want of cleanliness in order to heighten picturesque effects.

Fortifications appeared now, which we passed, and then we were in Verona. An omnibus took us to the Albergo S. Lorenzo, where a waiter received us who spoke fluent German. This was delightful to me, and even more so to my Carl.

My Carl and I were given a room with an outlook on the river and on the distant snowclad Alps. I went to the window and was just revelling in the view, when he said : "Wilhelmine, you can give me back the cigars now." Although I was vexed with such an interruption to my

poetic thoughts, still I was glad to get rid of the objects of fear, and freed myself from the packets. My Carl was pleased to get them back into his possession, but he held one packet reproachfully towards me, and said : "Wilhelmine, could you not have been more careful? You have sat just on the best and crumbled them!"—"Carl!" I answered, "be thankful to Providence that I did not crush them all in my fright. I have done for you what I could!" My Carl embraced me, and we went down to the restaurant.

There was a table in the room on which the most delicious vegetables, game and all kinds of poultry were displayed, for travellers to choose whatever their appetites fancied ; but as Herr Spannbein and Uncle Fritz were waiting already, we did not linger long. We sat down, and, following Herr Spannbein's advice, had our dinner served in Veronese fashion. The soup was very remarkable, for every vegetable stalk in the world was cut up into it, and it became still more remarkable when we sprinkled grated Parmesan cheese over it, which, on being softened, ran into quite long threads. We often had such soup afterwards, but it was only after I hit on the crafty idea of buying a small pot of meat extract, and stirring a little of it, as opportunity offered, into the vegetable water which they called soup, that it became palatable. Then came asparagus. My Carl had looked forward to it immensely, for cutlets and asparagus are his favourite dainty, but when long sticks were brought us which were on the point of sprouting, and tasted as bitter as gall besides, and were as tough as packing thread, he said : "Wilhelmine, Italy may be very beautiful, but they have not a conception of asparagus here." Afterwards we kept to macaroni, which was very good, and made our dinner off roast chicken. "Delicately flavoured," said I. And the salad was excellent. "Even if they have not Berlin cookery here," I remarked, "still one can manage to exist very

well!" Our meal ended more merrily than it had begun, and we set out to look at Verona in the best of tempers.

A curious town this is; one might imagine that it had fallen asleep once, and was now unable to wake itself up. Large palaces line the streets, but nobody lives in them, and the windows are boarded up. Close to the palaces are other houses, whence poor people look out. In the middle of a street there is an ancient triumphal arch, but no one passes beneath it any more in state and splendour, and on going further one hits at last on the 'enchanted spot where Verona's past lies sleeping. Here are the tombs of the Scaligers, under whose dominion Verona was, for the last time, flourishing and happy. The sarcophagi are placed on high pedestals, and surrounded by figures who move as little as do the dead men that they guard, and a marvellous trellis-work of iron encloses the spot like a hedge of thorns guarding the enchanted castle. But who was to blame that this had come to pass? One brother murdered the other in the open street and then the splendour was done with, and if both are surrounded now by the same trellis-work and the same sun shines on their coffins, still the awful deed cannot be made undone, and since that time Verona sleeps.

Modern people live in the modern houses, and that is new Verona, which naturally had less charm for us, because our interest was principally directed to historic ground.

The Baedeker that Uncle Fritz carries about with him is pleasant in every respect, and we were able to find our way about splendidly with its help. Also everything is in it that you ought to see, and a quantity of learning, so that you always know at once whether you have to get enthusiastic over an object or not, by which means the study of remarkable sights is greatly facilitated. On this account Uncle Fritz called Baedeker shortly the travelling receipt-book.

We walked at haphazard through the streets, and won-

dered at the men who drape themselves picturesquely in a kind of circular cloak, at the women who wear no bonnets, but wind a lace veil round their heads instead, and at the soldiers who have a bunch of cock's feathers in their hat; indeed my Carl could not imagine how it was possible for them to take aim, as the feathers must always flutter before their eyes. The officers wear black gloves, and were all as bony as squirrels. They did not give such a well-drilled impression as do our soldiers, but when war breaks out in the mountains, they are said to be able to climb like chamois, and then they have an advantage over others who are not so springy. Notwithstanding this, however, Uncle Fritz was of opinion that everlasting peace would be the best thing for Italy.

While we were strolling on in this fashion a little girl came up to us and said something. Naturally, the child was not to be understood, but after a while Herr Spannbein made out that she was asking whether we would take a view of an ancient theatre close at hand.

When we answered this in the affirmative, the little one put out her hand, and my Carl gave her a copper coin. She then sprang away with flashing eyes, exclaiming loudly: "Aprile, Aprile!" "She has made April fools of us," said my Carl, "for April is called Aprile in Italian." I was just going to get angry with the mischievous bare-footed little creature, when she returned in the company of two shabby-looking men, one of whom motioned us to follow him, and unlocked a kind of barndoor, through which we entered the ruins of the old theatre. There certainly was not much to see, and for my part I could make nothing of the cavities and corridors. Also the tranquillity of mind necessary to a proper appreciation of the ruins was wanting to me, for two more bandit-like men had slunk in through the doors, and as soon as they were inside, the first man shut the gate.

"Ah!" thought I, "now we are done for, and murder will begin at once. I had read my fill of tales of horror about Italy during my life, and I already saw ourselves lying as plundered corpses in the corridors of the old theatre. But then my glance fell on the child. "No," said I to myself, "it is impossible for them to butcher us in the presence of the child," and when the little one came and gave me a bouquet of beautiful ferns and wild flowers, which she had picked on the top of the ruins, I took her up and kissed her; I felt as if I held a little angel in my arms, such as painters have copied into their pictures. And whenever later I saw an angel beside all the sullen-looking saints, male and female, in the old masterpieces, I said: "That is the child of Verona."

Nor did the men do us any harm. They got their fees and were uncommonly polite; I had frightened myself unnecessarily. But then why is so much stupid nonsense written about Italy? They ought not to terrify people.

After this Herr Spannbein dragged us into different churches, where I was much amused at the way in which people look at the pictures. I must explain that the great majority of the pictures are hung in such dark corners and side chapels that they cannot be recognised. Therefore the sacristan lights a small wax candle that he fastens to the top of a long pole, and by means of which he illuminates the several heads. Many of the faces have become so begrimed with soot by this proceeding, that, as Herr Spannbein suggested, a modern painter who has chimney-colour might also have painted them, but the paintings had a star in Baedeker, and according to that they are very beautiful, or, as the sextons say, *molto bello*, or if there is as good as nothing that is recognisable, *molto interessante*.

In one of the churches—it was called S. Maria in Organo—we saw in the choir and in the sacristy some wood

carving that a monk named Fra Giovanni had finished between his prayers. This is so beautiful, that in itself it is a sufficient reward for the journey. In Berlin, too, they decorate ceilings and walls with magnificent carved wood-work, but it is principally made of plaster.

We got tired at last with all our wanderings, and set out towards a café. It is astonishing how like each other cafés are everywhere. Marble tables, tedious people, papers and fees, and there you have a café. Here, however, we had the Arena in front of us, and I barely felt myself rested before I suggested our breaking up in order to inspect it. It was true historic ground on which we now trod, for combats of wild beasts took place formerly in the Arena. The cages are still to be seen in which the lions were detained, and the prisons for the people who had to fight with them. Thousands of spectators sat above on the marble benches. Then the prisoners were conducted into the circus. They greeted the public with grace and evident disdain of death, for they knew that they had had their last meal. Upon a sign from the magistrate, who, together with the delegates of the town, sat in a special box, the grating opened, and the wild beasts rushed out. Generally speaking, the lions remained victors, and enjoyed their victims, and the spectators shouted bravo. When the wild beasts had satisfied their appetite, they returned to their den, and remarked that the afternoon had been an agreeable one for them. Hereupon, the Arena was cleansed from such human remains as were left, and the blood was washed away with water from a well that is still in existence. My flesh crept when I saw these traces of former cruelty.

How humane our times are compared with antiquity, even although I am not certain whether such a beast-and-man hunt would not draw full houses at advanced prices in these days.

However, the horrible memories of the past had exercised no improving influence on the gentlemen, for scarcely had we taken our supper in the hotel before the game of skat recommenced, and I had to sit there like the seven of trumps.

I dared not speak out my mind, it is not my habit to weep over my troubles as many do, but to write—I could compass that. I therefore had pen and ink brought to me, and began to confide my experiences to paper. After a while my Carl asked: “Wilhelmine, what are you about there?”—“I am beginning a book on Italy!”—“Don’t be silly; why, too much has been written on Italy already!”—“You are playing skat for your amusement, and I am writing for my amusement,” I answered.—My Carl called a grand with four, and I wandered in spirit about the blood-soaked sands of the Arena.

The next morning there was a market on the Piazza dell’ Erbe. Herr Spannbein revelled in the picturesque aspect of the place. There certainly are still traces of old frescoes on the houses, a bit of red, a bit of blue, and here and there something that resembles a human body or face, but nothing connected. They are therefore *molto interessante*. On the other hand, the market itself pleased me all the more. Booth stood close to booth, and the vendors sat under huge linen umbrellas, with oranges, cheeses large as wheels, eggs, vegetables, fish, and eatables of every description. Poultry was sold too in joints. The one bought one, another the other leg of a fowl, a third took the breast, a fourth half the back, a fifth the liver, and a poor woman the neck. By this means every one had a small portion of fowl for his pot. Young kids were sold in like manner, piecemeal, out of their skin, which the merchant closes like a cupboard, in order to prevent the flies getting at the flesh, and to keep it nice and juicy. Men go to market as well as women, and all traffic

and bargain, gesticulate, and are as pleased as if the treasures of India were spread out on the market-place, and each one of them were a Nabob. The market was for me much more *molto interessante* than the coloured spots on the houses, which are being touched up again now. Uncle Fritz said they ought to use Jacobsen's casein varnish for their painting, as that held against wind and weather.

Passing down the vegetable market, we reach the street in which stands the parental house of Juliet Capulet. The charming creature passed through this street with her beautiful Romeo, the people killed each other in these alleys, and now I was to see the house where Juliet lived and heard the nightingale's song when the two were alone together for the first time after their secret wedding, just as were Elsa and Lohengrin. The house, however, made a very dismal impression on me. In the upper story a Veronese woman was drying some linen out of a window that was very full of holes. Below, in the courtyard, where once the pomegranate-tree stood, and the spray from the fountain danced beneath the moonlight, lay a big dunghill, materials for which were provided by two mules who were encamped in the stable, that may have been formerly the ball-room in which Romeo fell in love with Juliet. Then there was also a pitifully miserable tavern, in one of the state rooms opening on to the courtyard, which bore a greater resemblance to a robber's den than to an inn, and a poverty-stricken sculptor kept house in the former boudoir of the ancient Capulets.—“Away!” I cried. “I will look no more at Juliet's house. Now let us visit her grave, for the girl interests me.”—No one acts Romeo as charmingly as Ludwig. There cannot be a more beautiful corpse than he when he lies beside the bier, and Juliet returns to life, unwitting that she is already widow of the man whom she has turned into a fictitious widower by means of a sleeping draught, whose effect had

been calculated to the very second. As soon as she discovers this she goes mad and commits suicide.*

A tiny carriage took us to the old convent vegetable garden, where Juliet's coffin is shown in a horrible hole of a chapel. And first we had to disburse a fee of one lira (eighty pfennigs) before we were allowed to look at the consecrated chest in which the corpse of the charming creature had been buried, and which, to my horror, was empty and lidless!—As I expressed my astonishment at this, Herr Spannbein explained that this article had never had a lid, that it had also never been a coffin, but a quite ordinary swine-trough.—“Impossible!” I exclaimed, “people don't make marble troughs?”—“You will discover a great many other things made of marble in Italy,” answered Herr Spannbein.†—“And money is taken from people for such humbug? But who really gets the groschens that we pay for this swindle?” I exclaimed, in a passion.—“I presume that Shakespeare's heirs draw their dividends from it,” said Uncle Fritz, “for the trough business would certainly not have been set on foot without him.”

The mischief certainly flourished; the gate-bell rang unceasingly, and more and more fresh strangers approached the trough with expectant visages, and looked at it as sadly as if they had specially loved the pig that had taken his last meal from it.

One youthful pair particularly attracted my attention.

* I requested Frau Buchholz to allow me to omit this commentary, but she positively refused. As, however, an enormous amount of rubbish has already been, and still will be, written about Shakespeare, I have left this interpretation as it stands, merely remarking that Frau Buchholz is not a professor, nor does she intend making a general crusade on the Swan of Avon.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

† The “Nuovo Guido in Verona, 1880,” Giovanni Nardini,” confirms Herr Spannbein's opinion, see p. 77: “La tomba di Giulietta (ohimè: potrebbe ben essere un abbeveratojo pel bestiame!) è posta in un piccolo giardino,” etc. It must be remembered that in Berlin, even at the Café National, the tables are of marble.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

He was still extremely young, and his watery blue eyes stared rather sleepily into the world, and as he wore a yellow gray travelling suit, had light flaxen hair, and a moustache as white as milk, he looked as if he was not properly done, and would have to remain half cooked for the rest of his life. She, on the other hand, was what would be ordinarily termed interesting ; a brunette, with dark circles under her eyes, fuzzy black hair, thin lips, and a pallor that was ghostlike. The two placed themselves in front of the trough. "This is it," she whispered, and carried her handkerchief to her eyes. "O, Juliet, who has ever been so well loved as you?" She was really crying.—"Is anything the matter with you?" he asked.—"Ah, no. You do not quite know me yet, dear one, but you will learn to know me in time." She approached the trough, looked at it sorrowfully, and impressed a kiss on its marble side.—I felt quite sick at the sight, as I never can bear the kissing of inanimate objects, or dogs or cats, and here of all places.—Uncle Fritz was nearly bursting with restrained laughter.

The fuzzy one got up again. "Let us go," she breathed; "this sight has moved me deeply."—"It would have been better to have stayed in the hotel," he said tenderly.—She gave him a look in which tears and smiles were mingled, and turned once more with a sigh towards the trough. Then they departed.

We had had enough as well, and although Herr Spannbein insisted that there was still much to be seen in Verona, I determined, notwithstanding this, to continue our journey. "Verona will not run away, and there is a great deal more of Italy on the map; we will look at the rest on our return."

We left for Milan by the forenoon express. We got to the station in plenty of time, but the confusion with the luggage was dreadful. Uncle Fritz advised me to leave my trunks in Verona, as it would be better to buy new things if

necessary. I wish I had followed his advice. But that will be told later. For now the trunks had to bear the blame of our scrambling into a compartment when the train was in motion. In it sat the underdone one and his donna.—Accursed trunks !

FROM VERONA TO MILAN.

Who the underdone one was—Honeymoon—Milan—Why Frau Buchholz took the opera-glasses from her husband—A take-in—Why the Italian police wear a frock-coat—A marble Jourfix—Why Frau Buchholz wished to know what Milanese ladies wore.

WHAT else could we do but use our meeting at Juliet's grave as a means to our nearer acquaintanceship? We introduced ourselves. The underdone one was called Hinnerich Kliebisch and hailed from Pomerania, and her name was Henrietta. He had made her acquaintance in Berlin, while he was serving for his year, and she was learning how to become a virtuosa in a private conservatoire and endeavouring to perfect herself as a professional pianiste. But as she perceived that there would soon be as many pianists as listeners she considered it more advisable to marry Hinnerich Kliebisch, the young and wealthy son of a landed proprietor of Weimersdorf in Pomerania, who had fallen madly in love with her, than to torture the piano. I very soon heard all this, for when I wish to know anything I ask in so many words. Herr Kliebisch did not say much, but she, the wife, was very open with me, and confided to me that they were on their wedding journey, and had been four days in Verona. "My Hinnerich is an angel," she said ; "his sole desire is to sweeten existence for me."—"He must do that during the honeymoon," I laughed,

and said, "And are you also sweet to him?"—She blushed, and whispered: "I do all that he wishes, and he does all that I wish!"—"That's right," I assented, and asked whether she had seen the remarkable objects of Verona, the ancient theatre, for instance?—"No."—"The Arena?"—"No."—"The churches?"—"No, but Juliet's grave!"—"Nothing more than the trough? But where were you all the time?"—"In the hotel," she said. "My Hinnerich is not very fond of sight-seeing, he prefers boating and fishing!"—I turned a look towards the underdone one; he was leaning back in a corner and sweetening his existence by a slumber that was proof against a cannonade. And such individuals go to Italy!

To the right of the railway we now saw something glistening as if a bucket of blue had been poured over the plain. This was the Lago di Garda. I have once seen a picture of this lake and always believed the painter had painted it as an advertisement for some washing-blue manufacturing friend of his, but the lake itself is even bluer. Herr Spannbein said that, speaking generally, nothing so blue as this lake ought to occur in nature, but if in defiance of rules it did so, an artist paying due regard to tint and colouring could only deplore such an aberration. When I represented to him that he had himself recommended observation of nature to me, as a means by which I might find my way about in art, he said it depended altogether on the way in which one observed it. Some people never learned it. "Who do you mean by that?"—"The Art-Brahmins," he answered. Upon this I was going to retort that if it pleased the lake to be blue, it would not care a rap for the pity of messieurs the painters, when Frau Kliebisch wound herself towards her young husband, and cried: "Hinnerich! beloved being, we are already close to the Lago di Garda. Awake, my heart!" Hinnerich regained consciousness; she smiled at

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him, he smiled at her ; he gave her a tiny kiss, she gave him a tiny kiss, and so on gracefully twice or thrice. It was a sickly sweetening of existence in a public railway carriage, that made a very slobbery impression on the rest of us. Love is of course quite charming for the actors, but by no means pleasant for the onlookers. The two left the train at Desenzano on the lake, as Herr Kliebisch wished to go on by boat. Henrietta asked whether we should meet each other at Easter in Rome, they would certainly be there to hear the celebrated Miserere, and to enter on an exhaustive inquiry into the musical condition of Italy ; upon which I informed her that we intended staying at the "Orient." My Carl grumbled that I might have done something better than arrange a rendezvous with such people. "Carl," I answered, "at least they are children of nature, the Lago di Garda is not too blue for them !" Herr Spannbein understood the hit, and from this moment for the most part looked sullenly out of the window.

I was glad when we reached Milan, for the scenery could keep. The flooded ricefields, in which barefooted labourers paddled about, were all that interested me, for the mulberry-trees, vines, and fertile fields seemed like old acquaintances already. We accustom ourselves so easily to foreign elements.

Milan pleased me exceedingly at once ; the town has a smart look, and does not seem as old-fashioned as Verona. There is life and bustle in the busy streets, the shops are elegant, and the people uncommonly well clad. I had discovered this before we reached our hotel, and said therefore : "Carl, we will make ourselves genteel here, the Milanese can appreciate good dressing !"

We visited the cathedral before the principal meal, to which the Italians have given the horrible name of "*pranzo*" (surely human beings do not "pranz," but rather eat with

judgment,* in which respect, as is well known, they differ from the beasts). In Berlin the churches are not half as big, so much the contrary, indeed, that any one of them might take a walk in Milan Cathedral. It towers high above the houses—snow-white with countless crockets and pinnacles, as if a confectioner had sprinkled it with tragacanth. But on closer inspection one perceives that the pinnacles are full-sized towers, and the crockets resolve themselves into marble figures. There are said to be two thousand such statues on the outside of the cathedral. In Berlin the Pariser Platz and the Linden might be lined with them as far as the palace, supposing one figure to be placed beside each lamp-post, and enough would still remain for the road to Charlottenburg.

I should be satisfied with four of the statues, which I would place on the empty pedestals in the Zionskirche. If a native of Milan happened to visit us and learnt that the figures had been wanting there for years, and had every prospect of being absent for a long time to come, he would necessarily look on the capital of the Empire as a very poor place. Nor do I believe that if, for instance, all the marble bed tables and wash-hand stands in Berlin were piled one on the top of the other in the Tempelhof Fields, anything would result therefrom that bore a resemblance to Milan Cathedral, unless, indeed, some of the first architects in Germany were brought into it, in order to be worked up together, as in the Reichstag buildings.

I was full of these ideas as we promenaded about the cathedral, for surely only those can travel with profit who are capable of imagining something about the objects that are cast on their retina. The streets were full of people, and the ladies excited my greatest interest owing to their toilettes.

* On the other hand, they often drink with want of judgment ; as for instance the so-called ungypsumed natural wine.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

Well, I could show myself off with the best in my travelling dress, and it was an elevating feeling for me to give them further to understand by aristocratic demeanour that we inhabitants of Berlin knew what the right thing was. "Carl," said I, "we must appear as if the whole charm made not the least impression on us; besides, they have not even a city railway here!"

It is impossible to deny that the interior of the cathedral is magnificent, but as experts say that the effect which it produces on laymen is greater than its artistic worth, I prevented my Carl from going into raptures over it, by saying to him: "Now, no admiration, or else you will be taken for an unintelligent layman," and by always giving him a dig in the ribs when he was on the point of becoming enthusiastic. The cultured native of Berlin does not permit himself to be dazzled by effect! But unfortunately I must acknowledge that Uncle Fritz and Herr Spannbein showed their delight openly at the high vaults, the glass paintings, and all the rest of it. The latter in consequence sank somewhat in my estimation as an artist.

In the evening we went to the La Scala Theatre, a fabulously large auditorium and just as big a stage. It was with difficulty that we procured seats in the stalls. The boxes, I must explain, are all subscribed for, and as everybody who has the least pretension to being anybody, may decorate his box as he likes, the one is lined with yellow, the other with red or blue silk, so that the tiers look quite variegated. An opera was given, of which I understood nothing, and which besides was rendered disagreeable to me by the fact that our Italian neighbours talked loudly during the singing, or hummed the melody when a passage pleased them. The gentry in the boxes, too, troubled themselves little about the play, for they mostly sat with their backs to the stage and talked. The ladies fanned themselves, and the gentlemen

sucked liquorice, while poison was being drunk and murder and death were going on on the stage, as if killing were a kind of round game. That death must be pleasant to the singers I gathered from the merry valse and polka-mazurkas to whose strains they gave up the ghost. But if a favourite aria appeared the public listened, and waited until a high note was flung forth. If the thing succeeded there were storms of applause, and cries of "bis," for which we say *da capo* in Italian. Hereupon, the singer, flattered to the highest degree, repeated his sing-song. But if, the second time, it were only a trifle out of tune, the audience whistled at the luckless being on the stage with such ear-rending noise, that he or she slunk behind the scenes like a soaked poodle.

After the singer, male or female—for even to ladies no respect was shown—had been duly disposed of, love-making began again in the boxes: the ladies smiled and fanned themselves, and the gentlemen did the agreeable. The ladies' dresses were magnificent, they could have gone on straight to a subscription ball; the gentlemen, too, appeared in evening dress and white ties.* I was well pleased to show by my exterior that Frau Buchholz too had the wherewithal to array herself. Otherwise what would the people have thought of me? When we had consumed two acts of the opera there came a ballet, and as this also is praised in Baedeker, I could give myself up to its enjoyment without pricks of conscience. Then there was opera again, and for a finale the last act of the ballet, each scene being more beautiful than the last. On one occasion there were no

* In the larger Italian towns evening parties are seldom given during the season, as people meet every evening *en grande tenue* at the theatre, visit each other in their boxes, and converse as if in a drawing-room. Formerly cards were also played occasionally during the representation. With us, too, music is the most efficacious means for promoting conversation, the only difference being that we use one of Beethoven's sonatas for the purpose instead of a whole opera.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

decorations whatever in the background ; but in their place, from the stage below to the flies above, hundreds of low-necked nymphs. At this point I took the opera-glasses away from my Carl.

We partook of some refreshment in the Victor Emanuelo Arcade after the theatre. It is much larger than the Berlin "Passage," but there is no panopticon. Berlin has this advantage, and it may be proud of possessing a collection of stuffed murderers in the midst of darkness, a Valhalla for malefactors and such as intend to follow their example. It gave me great satisfaction to find such a striking want of culture and instruction in Milan.

Under Herr Spannbein's guidance, we visited the Brera, where the picture gallery is, on the following morning. The paintings are all genuine productions of the old masters, and as Herr Spannbein said that this collection was nothing when compared with the museums of Rome, Florence, and other Italian towns, I fell into raptures over the diligence of former generations. Perhaps, too, the ancients painted with larger brushes and finished up a picture more rapidly than the modern painters. There is a bronze statue of Napoleon in the courtyard. He has nothing whatever on, not even the three-cornered hat, it is therefore difficult to recognise him. Hereupon we wended our way to the convent where Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated Last Supper is shown ; I consider the whole story to be a take-in, as the picture is totally destroyed and must necessarily be freshened up.

Although other strangers seemed as if they would dissolve in adoration, I, for my part, grumbled about the entrance fee. The entrance to the art exhibition in the Cautians-platz, which I am constantly visiting, costs fifty pfennigs, and how much we get there for our money ! "If the old masters cannot do better than that," I

said, "they would have been wiser to leave painting alone."

On the other hand, the police have a very pretty effect in the streets, both here in Milan and in other Italian towns. They are called *Carabinieri*, have a three-decker on their heads, and wear a dress-coat. This last is done, as Uncle Fritz thinks, to show a proper amount of respect from the Government to the many strangers who visit Italy. I did not observe that they had to enter as much in their note-books as our police, but then Berlin is the city of intelligence.

In the afternoon we took a drive to the cemetery, or, as they call it there, *Campo Santo*. It was first made clear to me here what human hands can fashion out of marble. There men, women, and children are carved life size, and stand on the graves as their own monuments, or the relatives of the dead person send their statues on a visit to the cemetery to mourn over the ashes of the beloved ones in their stead. Widows in especial furnish work for the town sculptors. There you may see how the afflicted marble wife, attired in lace veil and satin dress after the latest fashion, appears to enter the half-open door of the vaulted grave in which her lamented one reposes, and smile meekly upon his likeness. And so she stands ghostlike day and night. "Does the real widow get frightened at herself," I thought, "when she visits the cemetery? Does she perhaps feel angry when a new fashion comes out that her marble prototype cannot follow it? And supposing she takes a second husband—is she likely to tell him that when his turn comes for the vault she need not be carved over again, as the subject is sorrowful enough for both?"—Many a young man need only promenade about the cemetery and take stock of the widows, to see whether perhaps one may suit him, or to ogle the marble daughters at their father's or mother's grave, and make arrangements accordingly. I

must say that the stone effigy roused no pious feelings within me. Rose-trees blossom now and again on the lonely mounds in the corner where the poor lie, and I think that the love which planted the rose bush was often just as deep as that which furnished the sculptor's sustenance. But the poor who have no family burial-place are separated in their graves—the children by themselves, the men on one side, and the women on the other. Nothing can happen amongst them.

I only began to breathe freely again after we had left the grand garden of the dead behind us—it rubbed me too much the wrong way; and when in the afternoon I saw the beautifully dressed ladies on the promenade, I looked carefully at each one to see what the probable effect in marble in the cemetery would be, and what she would be likely to wear for the purpose.

On this account I was quite willing to go away, more especially as the children had instructions to address the first letter from Berlin to Genoa. One always likes to know how things are going on at home.

GENOA.

The land of song and false tenors—Duties of a travelling Berlin lady—About museums and galleries—Pleasing progress in intercourse with the aborigines—Why a change of compartments had to be made—A letter to the children—Professor Quenghuber—Why Herr Spannbein ate polyps—Why Frau Buchholz almost believed herself to be a fairy—The Holy Graal—Why Herr Buchholz does not take Italy to be a standing-pint.

ONCE more we sat in the compartment in our accustomed manner. My Carl complained less than usual about his rheumatism, and was conscious already of the relief that the

mild Italian air afforded him. Although it was still early in the day, and had by no means reached alcoholic hours, Uncle Fritz gave him the brandy flask. In consequence of this we all agreed to a wee drop. Fritz said his friend Felix, who had often been down South, had declared there was no better preventive against malaria than brandy taken at the right moment. We therefore allowed the bottle to circulate once more and became very lively.

Herr Spannbein alone remained monosyllabic.—“Has anybody done anything to you?” I asked sympathetically. He sighed: “Ah, if you knew——!”—“Well, what?”—“Perhaps my fate is already being determined in Genoa.”—“How so?”—“Let me be silent; there are secrets of the soul which had best remain unspoken.”—“As you wish, but should you need a sympathetic heart, Frau Buchholz has one.”

We now discoursed about Milan. Uncle Fritz asked whether the nocturnal singing in the streets had disturbed us, to which I answered that I had not been satisfied, for, judging by the books I had read, I expected to find a complete quartette at least at every street corner. My Carl said: “There were certainly many who sang an air from some opera on their homeward way, but the singers all had dumplings in their throats.”

“That is caused by the macaroni that they eat,” remarked Uncle Fritz; “I have never before heard so many false tenors make the streets woolly.”—I rebuked him for this reproach, and remarked that Italy is the land of song, and grieved over the absence of the young Frau Kliebisch, who, as a former pupil of a conservatoire, would certainly hold different opinions to his, though he too—more’s the pity—is a member of a musical society, and on that account avoids matrimony. It is ridiculous for the Germans to imagine that they can sing too; Italians, in fact, have the

faculty by a sort of contract. Of course there were words about it, which only stopped when I asked : "Where do the melodious barrel organs come from?" Then he was beaten.

By way of revenge he then began about the big trunks and overweight, and ended : "Your bragging will cost you dear yet, Wilhelmine ;" whereat I got extremely angry and answered : "A Berlin lady will not allow herself to be taken for a slattern in Italy. I come of a family that knows what it owes to itself. If you place no value on culture, I, your elder sister, have the duty of keeping up appearances, were it merely for the sake of my children and the neighbourhood. The whole Landsberger Strasse looks up to me, while even the night watchmen are amazed at your late home returnings."

My Carl made peace by pointing out that we had to pass the whole day together in the compartment, and that quarrelling would make the time twice as long. But was it my fault?

Herr Spannbein suggested our stopping at Turin to inspect the excellent collection of paintings there. I answered that for the present I had seen pictures enough at Milan, and asked him whether the old masters had worked directly for the museums?—He negatived this, and said that they painted for private people who could afford to pay, for convents, churches, and the like ; galleries had only become the fashion in more modern days.—"Good," I answered, "and now that everything possible is hung side by side, as in a sixpenny bazaar, I feel no reverence for the single picture. Either there is too much of a kind on the same wall, or diversity is so thronged together that I half squint towards the second picture before properly looking at the first, in order to see what is going on there!"

"The judge of painting," Herr Spannbein instructed me, "chooses some masterpieces, to which he devotes his whole attention." I answered : "For my part, I choose to see everything ; it is for that I pay my entrance money!"

Uncle Fritz supported me, and said that he had had enough of Madonnas for the present ; one looked almost exactly like the other, and they all slept at midday, or were at least very close to sleep. "Let the pictures be what they will," I cried, "my first feeling is that I should like to go well over all of them with a soaped flannel!"—"It is the so-called *patina* of age that gives the picture their real worth, in the eyes of the Art-Brahmins," said Herr Spannbein.

"Then why don't modern artists paint at once with *patina*?" I asked.—"A great many of them do. But nature is cleanly and genial. The painter must give tone to his picture!"—"Give tone to it!" I exclaimed, "and with blacking? Much obliged."

My Carl, to whom this conversation seemed disagreeable, said: "Wilhelmine, it would be better for you to enlarge your knowledge of art before you criticise. The masters would not have been honoured quite without reason during their lifetime, and there must be something in the works that they redound to the glory of their country even at the present day. Herr Spannbein is an artist and more at home in these matters than you are ; do not contradict him, therefore, but learn from him!"

"Carl," I answered, "who wants your opinion? You are here for rheumatism, and not on account of art!"

In the meantime Uncle Fritz had placed his hand-bag between the seats, spread a travelling rug over it, and produced the cards. So the din of skat again commenced.

I stretched myself out as well as I could on the seat without interfering with my Carl, and endeavoured to rest my eyes a little. But sleep was not to be wooed, for as soon as ever the train stopped anywhere, the guards, porters, signalmen, and pointsmen shouted the name of the station altogether, until it had been comprehended,

and when the train was about to start, they yelled uninterruptedly for ten minutes beforehand, "Partenza—partenza—a—a," as if they intended driving the locomotive mad. One cannot sleep through this.

I got out of the carriage at Alessandria to walk about a little and buy oranges, which is an easy matter when one is somewhat versed in the language. You merely take one or several oranges and ask: "*Quanto costa?*" Hereupon the vendor says something incomprehensible, and holds up a certain number of fingers. Then you shake your head, and one finger disappears. You shake it again; another finger less. You shake it again; then he shakes his, and after that he abates no more; whereupon you pay him as many soldis as he has fingers held up, and the bargain is complete. You proceed in the same manner with those charming rush-covered wine bottles, that they hold so cheap. "*Quanto costa?*" "*Una lira!*" You hand him a piece of paper, the seller skims away the oil that floats on the top of the wine and hands you over the bottle with great politeness.

He puts his lira in his pocket, and says, displaying usually very white teeth, "*Grazie,*" which is supposed to mean the same as "Thank you." "If Frau Bergfeldt could only see me," thought I, "moving about in a foreign land as if I were on the Alexander Platz on a market day, and dealing with the language as if I had been reared on Italian milk, she would go into fits with envy." I therefore pleased myself with the thought of the gentlemen's puzzled faces on seeing me appear with restoratives which I had purchased independently for the first time, but as I struggled through the door of the compartment with the oranges and wine, I noticed to my horror that both the front corner seats had been taken possession of by two utterly strange people.

"Excuse me," I exclaimed, "the seats are occupied. This is our compartment!"

The strangers did not move. "I beg your pardon, but that is my place," said I to the lady occupying my corner. She grinned and stared at me with a pair of piercing gray blue eyes, as if she would have liked to poison me.

"Sir," I turned to her companion, "I claim one of the corner seats." He showed his teeth at me just as she had done, and made absolutely not the slightest preparation for moving.

"Carl," I exclaimed, "what sort of people are these?"

"English," he said; "we have already tried to turn them out, but they won't go."—"Why did you let them in?"—"They came just as we were forced to give our whole attention to a nullouvert."—"That miserable game! It is your duty now to get my seat back again for me, I wish to enjoy the view. Call the guard."—The guard came. I talked, he talked, my Carl talked, Herr Spannbein talked, Uncle Fritz talked; the English party alone did not say a word, but stared with yellow green eyes, and did not stir. Nor did we get rid of them.

So I was travelling now across the plains of Italy, but quite aimlessly. Herr Spannbein had certainly given me up his seat at the other window, but what did that avail me, as the smoke from the engine was blown to that side, and hid the country in fog? And I certainly had not crossed the Alps in order to watch a game of cards!

No one therefore can blame me for the fact that I was rather excited internally. I would have thrown these two English people to the wild beasts in the Arena with bliss, and should have shouted bravo if the lion had eaten the Mrs. to last fragments, and the tiger had broken the Mr.'s hip bones. O yes, I was a little excited, and only regretted that combats with wild beasts were no longer the

fashion. The good old days had much to be said for them.

While I was speculating as to how I could work some real harm to the two intruders, it struck me that English women cannot bear smoking, for there was once a lady who lay in a fainting fit for a whole week because some one had come into the ladies' room with a lighted cigar. I therefore encouraged the gentlemen to smoke, and had there been cigarettes, I would have puffed away myself, no matter what the consequences might have been.

The smoking did it. The Mrs. began to cough, but as she sat on the windy side, the window had to remain closed. "Children, you are smoking away like the baking-ovens at Whitsuntide," I said jokingly.

The atmosphere generated in the compartment was no weakly one. The Englishman now got up and forbade our smoking. But the uproar with which he was greeted! Uncle Fritz, who is able to some extent to murder the English language, made his position clear to him and said, only four persons ought by rights to sit in the first class. The Englishman insisted that smoking was prohibited if a traveller protested against it. We signified to him that he had no right to be in the compartment. I said, "Smoke away, children, you have my consent."

At the next station the guard was again called. As soon as he noticed that the Englishman complained against us, he quietly took his part and forbade the smoking. That did not suit my Carl. The conductor was fetched, and he called the station-master to us. The end of the affair was that we were obliged to change into another compartment, as the former one was not for smoking. We had hardly got out before the Englishman calmly lighted a cigar, and looked generally as if we did not exist.

"We see now how the English are valued in foreign

parts, and how Germans have to knock under to them," exclaimed my Carl, when we were once more in motion. "I am positive that that Englishman is some London boot-maker or tailor, who is making a continental tour, for insolence is not good breeding. But he belongs to the great British nation, and on that score he takes leave to assume this stupid insolence.

"We were within our right, but who helps a German to his right in such trifles when in a foreign land? Respect alone will do it, and how can foreigners feel that for people who do not respect their own country? So long as we are the apes of other nations, so long as we do not love our country so dearly that it will be impossible for us to lower it, or to abuse it ourselves at the cost of other countries, be it for friendship's sake or for hateful truckling to foreign lands, so long will the German seek vainly for his best representation, his most powerful protector on foreign soil for the respect which is due to him as a member of his nation."

So said my Carl in his excitement, and unfortunately after our late experiences we were obliged to agree with him. At bottom the whole affair was nothing but a big trifle; but it fretted us all the same, and made us seem so miserably paltry in our own eyes. The English people remained—we had to turn out. And what they are, we have been all along. Simply abominable!

It was growing dusk when we caught sight of the Gulf of Genoa. It is certainly considerably larger than the Muggen Lake. We had gone through many tunnels and crossed many bridges, and just as the view was getting pretty, we rushed into another long dark hole, and then we were in the station. The engineers might have laid the rails more picturesquely in the interests of the travelling public, so that one could have seen something for one's money.

It struck me, especially after we had got out, that a young

man partially dressed in uniform followed us step for step, and never lost sight of us. I drew Herr Spannbein's attention to it, but he too did not know what it meant. When, however, we were going to take possession of our luggage, the young uniform man came up to us and spoke politely but very decidedly. "What does he want, Herr Spannbein?"—"He asks whether you have cigars on which you have paid no duty."—"What business is that of his?"—"He is an excise officer."—"We passed the customs frontier long ago."—"And he will be satisfied with the customs receipt."—"We have used it up," said Uncle Fritz. "He was sorry for that, but the gentlemen had smoked cigars in the carriage that did not smell like Regie. The guard, the conductor, and the station-master were prepared to bear witness to this."—"Those confounded English!" I exclaimed.—Now a searching process was to be gone through; that was too much for me.—"So be it," I said. "Molest us if you like; but to-morrow I shall write to Bismarck, and he will ——" The youth had scarcely heard the word Bismarck before he became very respectful and asked whether we were "Tedeschi?"—"Prussian," said Uncle Fritz.—"From 'Berlino,'" I added.—He then said a few words, made a bow, and went off. We scrambled into the hotel omnibus, and drove off too.

"Do you see, Carl," said I triumphantly, "that they do respect Bismarck? Did you notice how subdued he got as soon as ever I mentioned the name?"—"I wish our conscience had been clearer in this business," murmured my Carl.

But I do not know which is the greater sin, to smoke Italian Regie-cigars, or to smuggle a respectably imported Berlin Havanna through the customs? Theologians may inquire into this, as they are often said to understand more about tobacco than about the old fathers.

We drove through frightfully narrow streets, where the

houses were as high as towers. Our hotel, too, was a sort of tower that had run into breadth, for the ground floor was to be found on the third storey—it was like a strip of longcloth.

The children had written. They were well and cheerful. The weather was cold in Berlin, and there was no news. In conclusion they communicated to me that Frau Bergfeldt had been to see them, and had said that the whole neighbourhood wondered what I wanted with Italy, as I was not nearly sufficiently educated for it. Upon this they had answered that the neighbourhood would do better to mind their own affairs than worry over their neighbours', and they wanted to know whether they had been rude enough.

I gave my Carl the letter, and said: "As soon as I return I shall bring an action against that person; the envious old cat goes off and maligns me to my children. That is class hatred and defamation of race, it is punishable by nothing less than imprisonment!"

My Carl sought to quiet me, and begged me at least to be composed at the *table d'hôte*. "Carl, I will do what I can, but do you keep quiet if some one stamps on your feet? First the English people, and now the Bergfeldts! Genoa is beginning nicely!"

All the food had a curious taste, but I did not know whether it was attributable to my disposition or to the viands that every course tasted the same. My Carl screwed up his mouth, and Uncle Fritz found difficulty in mastication. "This is real Italian cookery," explained Herr Spannbein.—"How so?" I asked.—"Why, do you not notice that everything is prepared with oil?" Now the sameness of taste that characterised all the courses was explained. Italy was becoming more and more Italian, I felt that clearly.

I insert the first letter to my daughters here; for I had promised them to write frequently. I was only sorry that

my mood was not a more loving one, as I seized the pen, and had to a certain extent to force myself into a gentle style.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Genoa.

I am glad that you are well, and should Frau Bergfeldt return, greet her from me, and say that I am enjoying myself gloriously, and am plucking oranges straight from the trees. I must explain that we visited several palaces yesterday, and in one of them—it was the Palazzo Balbi—I saw the first orange trees in the garden, covered with blossom, and laden with ripe fruit. Now only do I understand Goethe, dear children, when he says: “Mid darkest foliage golden fruit doth glow.” Such things must be seen to be believed, and I can only tell you that the impression was a very powerful one. We, too, have pictures and statues in the old museum, but what we do not possess are orange trees, and very large ones too, in the open air.

I do not, however, at all despise art on this account. Oh, no! on the contrary, I learn to value it more and more, especially in Genoa, in the palaces. These rooms, dear children, this furniture, these marble walls with their gobelin tapestries and carvings, these tables, bearing most precious vases, silver tankards, and dishes . . . they are magnificent! And in addition there are the paintings on the walls: portraits of former proprietors of the palaces painted by Antonio van Dyk, looking so aristocratic that one hardly dares to speak above one’s breath, saints and sinners by the most celebrated masters; Raphael, Titian, Veronese, all are represented.

You might ask Frau Bergfeldt whether she has perhaps ever heard anything of Bassano or Ribera, and then tell her that your mother can recognise the paintings of these two props of early art at a distance.

If a very fat boy kneels in the foreground with his back turned towards the spectator, then the painting is a genuine Bassano; but if, on the other hand, an utterly shrunk-up old man contemplates a skull with a view to calculating how long he must follow a course of Schweninger* in order to become just as thin, you may be sure that it is a St. Hieronymus by Ribera. Ribera frequently paints a head and one arm only of Hieronymus, spreading a garment over the remainder of the body. He only did this, however, when he was badly paid, as he could not furnish the other arm and the legs for the same price.

As you see, comprehension of art becomes clear to one in Italy, so to speak, of its own accord, but naturally, only when people are receptive, and have the necessary culture. This much is due to truth.

Speaking generally, a knowledge of art is not so difficult as many believe. If you learn the names of the masters first, the rest is easily understood, only careful attention must be paid as to whether the picture is on canvas or wood, whether it is painted in tempera or oils. If you can remember in addition its length and breadth, you will be cited as an authority, and need not let yourself be contradicted.

Now you will ask, dear children, how it comes that your mother has been initiated so surprisingly quickly into the mysteries of art. It is to be explained in the following manner:

Papa and I and a painter, Herr Spannbein, who had joined our party, were visiting the palaces. Uncle Fritz had gone on his own account to look up some business friends. While we were in the Palazzo Doria (children, read Schiller's 'Fiesco!') Herr Spannbein walked suddenly

* The name of Prince Bismarck's medical attendant; he has a special treatment for corpulence.—Tr.

up to a charming young girl, who was standing beside an elderly gentleman in the large room busily engaged in contemplating the painted ceiling. The young girl blushed, Herr Spannbein blushed ; in a word they knew each other. Herr Spannbein introduced me to the elderly gentleman. It was Herr Professor Quenglhuber and daughter from Munich, a great art critic, who had gone to Italy to bring out a new work on painted ceilings. This professor introduced me to true art criticism by saying : " My dear lady, it is of no consequence what the pictures represent, so long as they are old and genuine." And he was quite right in his opinion too, for if one attends only to the signs of genuineness, the study of art is greatly facilitated. He was also unwearied in showing me how this or that master may be recognised ; as for instance, Wouwermann by a white horse, Carlo Dolci by his dilated contours, Raphael by his Madonnas, Titian by the so-called golden tone (which, however, disappears, I believe, when washed), Michael Angelo by his muscles, &c., &c. Our modern masters can be recognised in just the same way ; as for instance, Gussow by his flaming yellow kerchiefs, and the black under the nails ; Makart by his flesh without spirit ; and Gabriel Max by his spirits without flesh ; Defregger by his white teeth ; Scherres by his wet roads, and whatever other peculiarities there may be. Herr Professor Quenglhuber was unwearied in giving me instruction on this point. He is too amiable.†

So you see, dear children, that we lead a spiritual existence here, and that our souls glow with the consecrated fire of art. Keep yourselves thoroughly warm in the horrible Berlin weather, so that you may not catch cold. It will be time enough to look after your spring dresses on my return. We are having the most glorious sunshine here, and papa is feeling very well.

Greet the Krauses, Weigelts, the Police-lieutenant's

people, and other acquaintances. Uncle Fritz, too, sends greeting.

Your fondly loved

MOTHER.

P.S.—Ask Frau Bergfeldt whether she knows in what part of the globe Genoa lies, and show her the envelope with the postmark. Our next address is: Roma, Albergo del Oriente, via del Tritone 6. Your LA MADRE.

The Genovese palaces are in truth very treasure houses both for the lover of art and for cultured souls generally. Paintings are not hung there as they are in the galleries, they are rather the most precious ornament of rooms, which do not at all give the impression of being art menageries, and therefore each individual thing can be better appreciated.

On the exterior, artificial façades are occasionally repaired by painting, much architectural work being saved by this means, but on the other hand, the interior makes a veritably princely impression, with its courtyard surrounded by rows of massive pillars, its magnificent staircases, its balconies with blossoming shrubby plants, fountains, and hanging gardens, its statues and coloured marble walls.

Speaking generally, the interiors of Italian palaces are far superior to the exteriors, not only here in Genoa, but also in Rome, Florence, and other cities. On the outside they are plain, severe and powerful, more wall than window. With us *palazzi* that are let have more window than wall, and the whole ornamentation is turned towards the street. A respectable mirror is hardly to be found in the interior, and there is rarely room for a sofa on which an individual can lie down. Dark Berlin rooms prevail in place of sunshiny courtyards, and vestibules or halls are full when four hats and three overcoats have been deposited in them.

People build high in Genoa, as the town stretches up a

hill, and most of the houses are long like towels for this reason, but when surveyed from above, their slate roofs offer such an agreeable appearance that Uncle Fritz fancied Genoa must be an excellent place for sonambulists.

There are only a few streets which are sufficiently broad for a carriage, the others are rather defiles, into which a strip of sky looks down from above. The smell, however, is the same in the broad as in the narrow streets, only it can store itself up better in the latter, and has therefore a more powerful effect. As the viands in the hotel tasted, so the streets smelt of burnt oil. A waffle booth at one of our fairs is not surrounded by a stronger atmosphere of fat and oil than is every part of Genoa. Nor can it be otherwise, for the oil kettle in which fish, farinaceous food, and all sorts of stuff are fried, simmers in front of every shop. The polyps are, however, the most horrible things. This disgusting animal, with its tentacles provided with suckers and cups, is not to be done to death; however much it may be hacked and thrown against the wall, it lies in the last agonies until it gets into the hot oil. Then it finds peace. In front of the smaller restaurants dishes are placed with polyp cut into pieces. Whoever feels hungry chooses one of the pieces; the host gives it a turn in some dough, and throws it into the oil kettle, and when sufficiently cooked it is fished out with a stick or ladle.

Snails, too, are roasted in their houses on a lattice-like metal gridiron, over a charcoal fire, and consumed after they have been poked out of their shells with a splinter of wood. I shuddered at the bare sight, but the people seem to relish these horrible delicacies. In such matters we are more advanced, for we do not eat such stuff.

The professor, who had quite enshrined me in his heart, and whose wisdom filled me with astonishment, as I was very often obliged to admit, took us into a cook's shop close

to the harbour, to show us some national life. But it seems to me that national life is more for gentlemen than for ladies, and also that it cannot be so well studied in taverns as in dwelling-houses. Should any one endeavour to learn Berlin national life in gin-palaces or beershops, he would gain quite a wrong view, although I do not dispute that people may see how Berlin folk amuse themselves in the Hasenhaide on a fine summer Sunday afternoon, and spend their holiday merrily with children and skittles. Or you may go to the beer garden outside the Schönhauser Gate, or to the Friedrichshain, or to the Tents, or to Treptow, or to Pichelswerder, or the Spandau Bock, etc., etc. There are thousands everywhere, and every one enjoys himself, and drinks his coffee or his beer, and has a nice little feast to make the most of. And if one does not always know what the sausage is made of . . . so much is certain, there is no polyp in it.

The professor was, however, one of those who go into ecstasies over everything that they see in foreign parts, and he told us that we must taste the polyp, as there was nothing more excellent than this maritime animal, prepared in excellent oil by a practised hand. I declined with thanks, but my Carl let himself be persuaded, and for love of the professor, Herr Spannbein ate with contempt of death. My Carl retained the stuff, contrary to my expectation, and when I asked him, "What is it like?" he answered—"Filth!"

Herr Spannbein, who was quite wrapped up in the professor's daughter, amused me. According to my ideas each suited the other brilliantly. His manner was certainly a little conceited, and the long artistic locks might well have been kept shorter, but still he is a presentable man. She has marvellous blue eyes, is gentle and yet determined, as young girls sometimes are who have a vexatious father to whom they strive to make life pleasant, because they love

him. I must explain that the professor could frequently be very bearish, especially when one was not quite of his opinion.

I had soon, too, discovered Herr Spannbein's secret. He loves the professor's daughter, and she him, but as the father is enthusiastic over the old masters, and despises modern painting, while Herr Spannbein does not hold the ancients in high esteem, and is devoted body and soul to the modern tendency, the professor's consent is not to be counted upon. And so much he knows, Ottilie—such is the name of his beloved—would never act in opposition to her father's will.

I felt real pity for the poor man when he confided his woes to me, and gave me thereby the right to act a mother's part by him. "First of all," I said, "you and Ottilie love each other, that is the main point."

"But the father," he moaned.

"You will easily win him over. How frequently it happens that people put the saddle on the other horse! Give up the modern tendency, and be converted to the old one. After all, painting always remains painting!"

"Never will I be faithless to my art!"

"You are not asked to be. You can spoil as much clean canvas as pleases you with your colours, and smudge as many saints and gods together as the professor likes. But if you call your obstinacy art, Ottilie and you will never be made one. Think well over that!"

Then he went sorrowfully away, but that is always the case when you talk reason to people. "Give me good advice, but don't advise me against it," as the bride said.

Uncle Fritz had frequent intercourse with his business friends, for he felt it of consequence to enter into relations of every description, and set business going backwards and forwards, a process made considerably easier by the new

St. Gotthard Railway. There are products in Italy which we require, and we have produce in Germany which is wanting to the Italians, and as soon as both sides learn to recognise this, trade and commerce will not be lacking. Uncle Fritz had well considered this.

We had, therefore, to rely on Spannbein's knowledge of the language, and as he always marched behind Otilie, who had to stay beside her father, we got more than enough of art at last. It was too painful to behold when the professor, who was a great snuff-taker, got the tobacco from his nose into his throat during the contemplation of some painted ceiling, and Otilie and Herr Spannbein had to slap him on the back, to prevent his choking before their very eyes. One fine morning, therefore, we took a little carriage and drove to Pegli, where our Crown Prince stays with his family whenever he visits Italy, for which indeed he cannot be blamed. It is impossible to describe the surrounding natural features; but when there, one feels as if reading some delicious poem, in which palms rustle, water gurgles, the ocean is outspread, strongholds menace mischief from the heights, roses and hyacinths blossom and give forth fragrance, and yet one's living self walks amid the poem. And to crown it all, the most sky-blue forget-me-not weather in the world!

We also rowed about in a small boat on the ornamental waters in the park, and glided beneath a thick undergrowth entirely of blossoming camelias. It was fairy-like, and were it not that I am rather thick-set, I should almost have taken myself for a fairy. Fairies are, however, somewhat smaller in the waist. It is only in the Victoria Theatre that they are well represented, the public paying more attention in the ballet to shape than to gracefulness. The day of rest with nature did us good, as the seeing of remarkable sights is calculated to produce stupidity; I recommend everybody

to allow themselves longish pauses from time to time, during which their brains may again become clear, for it is a difficult piece of work to criticise in a few weeks everything that has taken centuries to produce. And what diligence was shown in those days in the arts and professions, although they had neither gas nor petroleum for their evenings. Simply astounding !

Uncle Fritz had one more day's work. Its morning we occupied in seeing churches. The Holy Graal is preserved in S. Lorenzo, but as we could not produce an order it was not shown to us. In former times the Holy Graal is said to have worked many miracles, but since learned men discovered that it was not a vessel made of emeralds, but merely a glass dish, it has lost its power. But this is the case with all sympathetic effects, one must believe in them or else they are useless.

In the afternoon we visited the celebrated Campo Santo. It resembles the one in Milan, but is more magnificent, and there are even more marble figures on view. As we drove back we were met by about ten carriages, in every one of which four people were packed, thick and thin, old and young, men and women. This was a set of tourists who were being led round like a flock of sheep. The coachmen laughed and whipped up their horses, and the cab-caravan flew past us like the wild hunt in the 'Freischütz.' "Carl," said I, "those pitiable creatures get no rest whatever. Would you like to be hounded through Italy in that fashion?"—"No," he answered, "I should not wish to enjoy the country in one draught, like a glass of beer ! It is too beautiful for that !"

On the way back to town I saw something that made me quite miserable. On the road I had already frequently noticed that, wherever a little flowing water made its appearance, great stone troughs were placed, the use of which had

been concealed from me hitherto, but was explained to me here. Women wash the linen in these troughs. But how? They rub soap on to it, dip it in the cold water, and lay it on the broad margin of the trough, whereupon they belabour it with all their force with some handy stone until it has had enough. They then rinse it out and hang it on lines out of the windows to dry in the sun. This may be a picturesque sight for painters—one sees white rags on nearly every Italian picture—but such treatment of linen cuts deep into the heart of every careful housewife. And I had had brand-new shirts made for my Carl with superfine fronts, that he might look thoroughly respectable. “Good Heavens!” thought I, “in what state will they be on our return home?” And I was right, there were cuts in two of them as if they had been done with a knife. But how can people use stones to good linen? of course they must make holes. And I had to bear this pain quite alone, for what do men understand about the linen cupboard?

We left Genoa by next morning’s train, but without Herr Spannbein. He accompanied us to the station and attended to the luggage. The overweight troubled me again very much, but I did not let Uncle Fritz notice it, in order that he might not have the better of me. “*Au revoir*,” said Herr Spannbein.—“And how about the old masters?” inquired I.—“I have undertaken to copy ceilings for Quenghuber’s book,” answered he dolefully.—“Greetings to Ottilie!” I called out to him as we parted.

ON THE RIVIERA DI LEVANTE.

Holiday-making—Why man is not a drill-worm—An extraordinary meeting—Why Frau Buchholz is afraid of the devil—The ghost—Why there are big and little watches—Why a tragedy is not played out—How Uncle Fritz amused himself—Why Frau Buchholz knows how many inhabitants there are in Civita Vecchia—Why the travellers were almost deprived of the sight of Rome.

It was Sunday. The sea was on our right, and where promontories interfered with the passage of the train, tunnels were made through them. Aloes grew on the rocks, and there were lemon and orange trees laden with fruit in the gardens; beneath them spread blossoming bean-stalks the big leaves of the fig-trees were shooting forth already, and bowers were formed by the laurel bushes. The peas were already set; all around was silent grandeur. Uncle Fritz suggested that a good business might be done in Berlin with the young vegetables, although their flavour is not nearly as delicate or strong as ours, on account of their ripening too quickly in the heat. But as everything is eaten off at once in Berlin, we felt doubly interested in the blossoming thriving crops, more especially as my Carl considers a Hamburg fowl and green peas to be a wise dispensation of Nature. A charming view was always displayed to us after we had rushed through a tunnel, and whenever the train stopped at a station, we heard the surging of the sea and the peal of church bells. So holiday-like it was, so sunny, and so marvellously peaceful, that I did not care for speech; and had the train not clattered and bustled along . . . I should have believed

that somebody was singing me a lullaby, and that everything the eye saw was merely a freak of the imagination. I held my Carl's hand in mine, and was unspeakably happy. At last the tunnels became too frequent for me, and I exclaimed in irritation, "Man is not a drill-worm!"—I should like to spend some weeks of a summer holiday on the Riviera di Levante; but it must be yonder where the old pensioned-off country road leads through the villages, and not in the earth-holes through which the locomotive snorts.

Later on we saw Italy's war harbour—the gulf of Spezzia with its ships. Why can mankind never keep peace among themselves? First, they build dwellings, towns with palaces and churches, and then they shoot them into rubbish and ashes. Why is this? Who is benefited by it? The victor, say they. May be, but he gets a pair of black eyes too.

So the ships of war lie on the water, that glitters in the sunshine, while fertile districts stretch down to the shore, forming one glorious garden as far as the eye can reach. Grey olive groves are on the slopes, field and garden produce in the valleys, and amid them houses in which busy people dwell. It is always said that Italians are lazy. I should like to know whether fields sow themselves there—whether the vines fasten themselves, the trees plant themselves, and cauliflowers tumble down from the sky. No; work is needed for this. Is the war with Nature not enough, that in addition men must destroy themselves and that which they have called into being with such care? The ships of war did not strike me as being suited to this Sunday morning landscape.

The marble mountains of Carrara came in sight later. One fancies that they are covered with snow; but they look so white on account of the loose rock that covers them, that

makes them white. We saw huge blocks of marble lying in the station at Avenza, which have been carried there from the Carrara quarries; and I saw a gentleman standing by one gigantic block and observing it carefully. "That is Professor Schaper from Berlin!" I exclaimed; "I must speak to him."—"Are you sure you are not mistaken, Wilhelmine?" asked my Carl.—"No; I recognise him; I saw the kiss of genius on his brow when his splendid memorial to Goethe was unveiled in the Zoological Gardens."

I jumped from the carriage and told him my name. He was extremely affable, not at all stuck up as celebrated people often are—in a word, he was thoroughly kind. "The Herr Professor intends probably to make another Goethe, or something else equally as magnificent?" I asked and pointed to the block.—"No," he answered, entering into particulars, "the marble is destined for the Victoria in the Ruhmeshalle." "How is it possible," I asked further, "for the Herr Professor to make such soulful beings out of a shapeless stone?"—"Oh," he returned smilingly, "the figures are in the blocks, we have only to hew them out."—"Can the Herr Professor see from the outside of a block what is hidden inside it?" I asked in astonishment; whereupon he said that was just where the art lay.

The first signal for departure was given, and so, unfortunately, only a few minutes were granted me for my conversation with the professor. It is really too interesting to encounter a celebrated artist, so to speak, on the path of creation. What a striking article might not a practised pen knock together for the 'Gartenlaube' out of this meeting!

My Carl thought that my questioning the professor was an intrusion.—"Why should it be?" I retorted. "He has even allowed me to make use of the conversation." "How so?"—"Well, when I remarked that it would give

me much pleasure to mention him in my book with some complimentary words, the Herr Professor answered expressly : ‘ I cannot prevent your doing that.’—“ That was a refusal, Welhelmine !”—“ Carl, don’t be offended with me, but you are not so at home in the jargon of cultivated people as I am. He could not have expressed his consent more delicately.” My Carl shrugged his shoulders, and Uncle Fritz handed him the brandy flask, but I imprinted carefully on my mind every word that I had listened to.

So we arrived at Pisa. The town is quiet but pleasing. We refreshed ourselves and made our way to the celebrated cathedral. But before we arrived so far, a mass of guides thronged around us. Uncle Fritz said that we did not require any of them, he could easily find his way with the help of Baedeker, as we had only to follow our noses, and on the people declining to give way, he addressed them in fluent Italian, whereat I marvelled greatly. “ You speak Italian ? ” I asked.—“ Of course, if any one wishes to deal with Italians, he must, I suppose, understand their language.”—“ And you only let it appear on the scenes now ? ”—“ I waited until I had caught the sound of the language,” he answered, “ and now I endeavour to speak it not only according to my preparatory studies, but by ear, for that is the principal thing. If our professors of languages would learn and teach according to ear, and not solely by the rules of grammar, neither they nor their scholars would need to let themselves be put to shame by servants and waiters in the speaking of foreign tongues.

“ And you could look coldly on while my Carl tormented himself with learning, that is abominable ! ”—“ He will be able to turn his knowledge to account when I am not with you, and necessity compels Herr Spannbein to pay court to Ottilie. Besides, he had nothing better to do.”

In the meantime we had reached the Cathedral Square,

which lies at one end of the town like a huge salver, and on which stand the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campo Santo, and the Leaning Tower, as if they had been placed there to be carried away, although they certainly are rather large for that purpose. Many poor people were standing about the cathedral door, who begged of us in every possible tone of piteousness. Begging had not reached such a high pitch in Genoa and Verona as it had here, and my Carl was soon left without coppers. When they saw that there was nothing more to be got, they left us in peace. Uncle Fritz understood how to send them away, too, by making a movement with his forefinger, which signifies as much as "Nothing given here." He had learnt this art from a friend in Berlin who knows Italy by heart. I think it was the architect there.

The buildings are extraordinary, but extremely disagreeable experiences embittered their beauty to me. As mass was just being performed in the cathedral, and we wished to disturb no one, we first of all viewed the Campo Santo, which forms a square courtyard within a corridor, and is filled with shiploads of earth from Jerusalem, there being an ancient belief that one rested more happily in that ; science, however, has proved that this is not the case. The walls of the cloisters are painted with frescoes, which represent the Last Judgment and Hell. It is really terrible to see how the devils hurl the poor souls into their sulphureous torture and torment them. The pious hermits are the only people they leave alone, angels come to them and lead them up to Heaven, and that weighed heavily on my conscience, for neither my Carl nor I are hermits, nor have we ever troubled our heads about fasts or mortifications. I therefore felt very sorrowful at heart while I pondered that one of those goat-footed devils might throw me into the seething pitch cauldron one day, and another might

impale my beloved husband on a spit. For even if learned men do say that there is no hell, still one is not certain how this may be, and I will not be argued out of a devil. No human being is faultless, and I might often have been more loving towards my Carl, therefore I felt my wickedness amid the graves and dark cypress, and stared abjectly at death and the devils. They had painted them on the wall here.

"There," said I, when we were once more outside, "from this moment I shall not visit another churchyard, for I have not travelled to Italy to be frightened. That is not fair play."

As singing was still going on in the cathedral, the leaning tower took its turn of inspection. Uncle Fritz suggested ascending it. "That rickety thing?" I exclaimed in horror. "Why, it might tumble down at any moment. Carl, you stay below!" But of what avail are any prayers when men have got a mad freak into their heads? else they would not bet that they could drink twenty drams of peppermint, or could trot to Charlottenberg, and be a corpse two days later. It was just the same here, for my Carl naturally wished to ascend the tower. As, however, three people must be together, in order that two may hold one at the top in the event of a desire to spring over seizing him, I thought that my refusal would be an inhibition on the ascent, but I had not taken the mob into account, for some one of the beggars risks his life for a couple of coppers, and joins the party if a third is wanting.

My Carl really went and I stayed behind. "Supposing the tower falls when Carl is at the top," it flashed through me, "it must tilt over, it leans too much to one side not to do that, for how many a new building tumbles about one's ears when it has barely been finished, while this tower has stood for who knows how long, and is only prevented by age from remaining upright! What shall I do with the

unhappy children if it buries their father and supporter under its ruins, and I remain alone in the world, a widow flung from place to place?" The longer I looked at the tower the more crooked it appeared, and the greater became my fear. I shut my eyes not to get giddy, and implored in anguish of heart: "Thou God in high Heaven, only let the tower remain standing until my angel Carl is once more at the bottom; I will willingly forgive all Frau Bergfeldt's injuries, although she always begins and I never retort by wishing her evil. Let the unalterable happen later. Preserve us from sudden death, storms, fire, danger by water, from famine, pestilence and war, and wrest its victory from hell. Amen!"

At this point somebody touched me suddenly and I turned round. I would not wish any one to have the fright that I got now, as I saw a horrible apparition before me. Looked at downwards it was like a monk, but towards above it resembled nothing human—as little as a great pointed night-cap, in which two round holes have been cut for the eyes, and which has been drawn over the head, appears human. I fled from the spot with a loud shriek of terror, for I believed firmly that Satan in bodily form had come to fetch me and boil me down along with the other souls in the Campo Santo in pitch and sulphur. Where, however, could I hide myself in the open cathedral square? Nowhere a bush or a tree. Nothing remained for me but the crooked tower. I in front, the spectre behind me, round and round the round tower. If it falls, it falls, and the spectre will get its share of it too.

I know no more how long the wild hunt lasted, but so much I do still remember that my feet refused their service, and that I had not breath enough left to call for help, as I am rather stoutly built, and by no means adapted for running races. Besides, it was all the same to me whether the

apparition seized me, or whether I was suffocated from natural causes, for I could keep on no longer.

The apparition came slowly nearer on noticing that I stood still gasping for breath, especially as it could not make much progress in its long frock. "Keep away from me, or I shall scratch!" I shrieked. It pushed nearer notwithstanding, and when it had reached my immediate vicinity, it held a sort of collecting box towards me. "Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "since when has money been collected for hell? that is usually only done for heaven." But the apparition did not understand me. From this I gathered that it was not a spirit, and gave it a fifty-pfennig piece that had remained in my purse from Berlin. Upon this the apparition made a motion of thanks, and turned off to the cathedral without saying a word. I have never before experienced anything so terrifying. One occasionally reads about masks in novels, without troubling oneself in the least about them, and sees them sometimes on the stage, where they have a very cheering effect in tragedy, when they appear wrapped up in an old domino, and behave as if they had to hunt little children to bed; but when a real live mummy taps one in broad daylight, runs after one, and, to crown all, collects money, one may get one's death of fright from it.

When my Carl found himself once more on level ground, I embraced him with a violence that amazed him as much as did the flood of tears that I was no longer able to control, but as my broken descriptions of what had happened did not enable him to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, he could find no sufficient explanation of my behaviour. I, however, was comforted by the fact that I held him in my arms not dashed to pieces, and so I soon wept myself out. But as I still refused to enter the cathedral, because, as I said, it was full of ghosts who stared at people in broad daylight, my

Carl made a face as if he considered that matters were in a very disordered condition inside my cranium; but when I invited him to convince himself, he went into the cathedral together with Uncle Fritz, with much shaking of his head.

When they returned Uncle Fritz was able to give me an explanation as to what the ghost was. "It was a member of the confraternity of Misericordia!" he said, "to which both rich and poor belong, who are bound without respect of persons to help the wretched, to maintain the sick, and to bury the dead. So it happens that a duke may help to carry the coffin of a beggarwoman, a young dandy may hand restoratives to a dying old man, a rich merchant may carry a lighted torch in front of the bier on which a poor soul who succumbed in the fight with starvation is being taken to the churchyard. In order that these works of mercy should not be hindered by false shame, nor any one be able to boast of his good deeds, the brothers of the Misericordia wrap themselves in long monkish garments, and cover their heads with the cowl."

"If it was a count or duke who played the ghost on me just now, I will forgive him for this once," I said, "but so much I must say, the Misericordia would never do for Berlin, the street boys there would run behind the gentlemen with the cowls."—"Nor would they be fortunate as regards the collection," added my Carl, "for many people only give large sums when they are publicly acknowledged in the papers. Indeed, no one could get a decoration for charitable deeds if he had to carry them on in a masked condition."—"I should like to know," interpolated Uncle Fritz, "how many ladies would devote themselves to works of beneficence if they had to wear such an unbecoming costume for the purpose? And how many a one believes that his charity purifies his reputation, if he throws a couple of hundred marks for charitable institutions with audible noise now and

again on the table of the German Empire?"—"Many believe that loud-voiced charity is a mortgage on heaven, that ought, however, to have its interest paid here on earth," said my Carl, and amid such pleasing reciprocally instructive conversations we wandered through the quiet Pisan streets, while Uncle Fritz consulted Baedeker now and again, and drew our attention to the remarkable sights.

I unfortunately did not see the bronze candelabra in the cathedral which led Galileo to the invention of pendulum-clocks, because I was afraid of the ghost.

Uncle Fritz described it to me, and told me that the huge candelabra swung quite slowly wigel-wagel-wigel-wagel backwards and forwards, while the small lamps that hung from it went quite cheerfully dickel-dackel-dickel-dackel. As Galileo observed this during a sermon which lasted much too long, it became clear to him that clocks must be invented, and that there must be huge wigel-wagel clocks for churches, and small dickel-dackel clocks for household use, to prevent the dumplings being boiled too long.

Galileo happened to be very much for progress and the good of the people, therefore the Reactionists persecuted him and forced him to abjure the earth's rotatory motion. When he had taken the oath, he said: Gentlemen, it avails you nothing . . . it moves all the same. Thereupon fury on the part of the priests. "So much for them," say I. Now every child knows that everything in the world is rotation, and eternal law of nature, and even the poorest has a clock that he can pawn in time of need. And for all this we are beholden to Galileo the Pisan.

One must, however, fully and completely grasp the grandeur of such a man in order to appreciate the place where he lived and worked; I will not condescend to personalities, but I am convinced that there are people who have not the

faintest conception of Galileo, and I should therefore not mention the subject in Frau Bergfeldt's vicinity.

We also looked at the palace in which Lord Byron lived, whose 'Manfred' we once saw at the opera. I can no longer remember whether Manfred had forgotten something, or wished to forget it, it is enough that the piece is an affair of memory, and that masks come at the end and carry him off. It has become clear to me where Lord Byron got the masks, since I know they run wild about Pisa.

Of the famine tower, all that remains is the historic site. Count Ugolino was imprisoned in the tower with his five children by Archbishop Ruggieri, without a morsel of bread, without a drop of water, and nothing but an old bill of fare for him to read. The Count believed at first that his archiepiscopal enemy was only in jest, but when never a waiter came, and the children attacked each other in their hunger, he saw that it was serious. The devil twisted the archbishop's neck later. Uncle Fritz told us that there was a beautiful tragedy called 'Ugolino,' in which all the torments of death by famine are depicted during five acts, but that the piece is never played to the end, because when the youngest son in his turn begins to die, and moans that his stomach seemed to be sitting on his shoulders, then the spectators in the gallery are so moved to pity, that they throw sausages and rolls to the poor boy, upon which the piece is stopped. Speaking generally, people prefer comedy to tragedy, as the greater part of mankind are born to love, the smaller portion to be done to death.

I cannot say that 'Ugolino' made me feel cheerfully inclined, and was therefore disposed to make an excursion to Leghorn, for which, besides, we had paid in our circular tickets. Uncle Fritz said that his friend the Hamburg doctor had warned him of Leghorn while in Berlin. "I should not be able to close an eye in this haunted town,"

I answered, "we could start for Rome on the following morning, just as well from Leghorn as from Pisa." The end of the matter was that my Carl and I went, and that Uncle Fritz remained in Pisa with the baggage.

I will willingly admit for the sake of warning to others that this excursion was an imposition. The country is not worth mentioning, and even by day there is said to be nothing worth looking at in Leghorn. We arrived in the dark at night, and left again in the dark the next morning, and derived nothing from Leghorn but the smell of oil and fish, anger and vexation.

When we arrived we took a fly to the hotel, and arranged carefully with the coachman, or as he is called there, the *vetturino*, though the name is all one as regards their propensity for cheating—that he was to get two lire for the job. Everywhere, all over Italy, the *vetturino* drives for the fare agreed upon beforehand, and is pleasant, and polite, and thankful to boot, when he is given a tip in addition. But in Leghorn we discovered that matters could be different, for when we arrived at the hotel this rascal demanded four lire for the drive. We appealed to the agreement, which the coachman did not dispute, but as he said that he had meant two lires for each person, and as the head waiter and porter took his part, we were obliged to pay. I do not describe this occurrence on account of the two francs, but rather on account of the wrath one feels at palpable deceit and impudent falsehood. The name of the hotel where the servants were in league with the *vetturino* against the guests is the "Grande Bretagne." Should any one have the misfortune to go to Leghorn, let him beware of this snare for strangers.

I spent a miserable night, as the ghost still had possession of me, and anger had roused my gall. And how beautifully my Carl had spoken Italian to the *vetturino*, and

how I flew at him afterwards ; but of what avail were spiteful words when the fellow understood neither German nor anything else? My Carl said that I had sometimes screamed aloud in my dreams, and had banished sleep from him, but could I sleep as sweetly as a child in its cradle while I dreamt that the ghost was driving me in a fly to the gates of hell, where the head waiter and porter laid hold on me, and endeavoured to throw me into the burning lake? It was horrible.

We had to turn out at half-past three, drink our coffee in a hurry, drive to the station, stand about there in the evil-smelling waiting room, for in most of the Italian waiting rooms there is not sufficient accommodation for sitting, and lastly we had to jog to Pisa in a slow train that any tram would have put to the blush. Here we were obliged to get into a train that had come from Genoa, and was full of English travellers, who always go to Rome by this train.

Uncle Fritz was waiting for us. "Be quick," he exclaimed, "or we shall be separated ; the trunks have been attended to. Dalli ! Dalli !" I saw an empty compartment, and got in like lightning, my Carl and Uncle Fritz following me. We had scarcely taken our seats before some more people precipitated themselves into the same compartment. They were English. Now my delight was great. "If you had arrived at the station in proper time, we should have got a compartment nicely by means of a *douceur*," said Uncle Fritz. "I hope Leghorn pleased you so well, that you will like accepting an English contingent into the bargain."—"Fritz, don't scoff, you were right, Leghorn is horrid. Let us hope that you got on better."—"I enjoyed myself very much," he answered, "for I made the acquaintance of some very amiable Pisans in one of the brilliant cafés on the Lung-Arno, and, like all Italians, they behaved charmingly to the stranger who gave expression to his delight with the country and the people."—"Fritz,

were there ladies there too?"—"Ladies too."—"Pretty ones?"—"Very pretty."—"What did you talk to the ladies about?"—"About the happiness of being unmarried."—"I think that was presumptuous."—"Pray spare me your wisdom, it sometimes has a crushing effect."

My Carl slept, and I too was as tired as a marmot that has to earn his living by jumping through a hoop all the winter instead of sleeping; but would the presence of the Englishmen permit of my stretching myself out? Oh dear no; the single skeleton made preparations to lay himself out as long as possible. What he would not have dared to do in the presence of an Englishwoman he attempted now in the presence of a German wife, but I looked at him with spectral eyes and said: "Seat yourself properly at once, or you will find that something will happen." He then collected his bones and huddled himself into the corner belonging to him, as did we others also.* Hereupon we had a little triumphal glass amongst ourselves.

Uncle Fritz had discovered in his Baedeker that the country we were to pass through this morning was not celebrated, and that I therefore lost no landscape of importance by neglecting the outlook from my window while I was resting my eyes. But, on the other hand, this district has a bad reputation owing to its summer fevers. During winter and spring the inhabitants of the small towns are

* An Englishman of breeding differs as much from those of his countrymen who owe their cultivation to their tailor and hairdresser, as does a polished man of other nations from those of his people whose education has been neglected. On nearer acquaintance he is found to be amiable, and loses much of his stolidity in social intercourse. But the ordinary English traveller (daughters and nieces unfortunately not excepted) makes himself so unbearable by his manners, both *en gros* and *en detail*, that even the friend of humanity loses the courage to inquire whether behind such a mass of arrogance, churlishness, and absurdity, qualities might possibly lie hidden that would repay even a passing acquaintance.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

just as healthy and lively as the flocks of cattle grazing in the marshy districts, but as soon as the days get hotter malaria is developed in the plains, and people can only save themselves from the fever by taking refuge in the mountains and forsaking villages and farms until the air again becomes pure in the autumn. Although we had been told that there was no malaria prevalent just now, still we took a little drop more frequently than usual, as fever molecules are more easily repelled by a strengthened organisation than by a weak one. Good rum or brandy is poured over preserved fruits to keep them and prevent them developing mould, upon which modern diseases depend, they being, as I have read, neither more nor less than internal mouldiness. This is why there are so many young people without life or spirit in the present day they have grown musty and fusty before their time.

I had commissioned Uncle Fritz to wake me up at Civita Vecchia, as this town had remained indelibly impressed on my memory since my childhood. For it was on its account that my ears were boxed once by the master during the geography lesson, because I did not know how many inhabitants it possessed. I was very unhappy at the time, for, stupid thing that I was, it was perfectly indifferent to me how many thousand people lived in this or that town, whither I would never be likely to go, but I saw clearly later that the number of inhabitants in the town is the soul of geography. It is impossible for any one to make a pretension of having learned in his youth if he had not at the tips of his fingers the number of inhabitants, say in Aberdeen, Philippopolis, or Pampelona. The numbers are certainly pretty generally forgotten later, especially as the population increases and decreases, but still they have once been accurately known. And knowledge is power!

It was with a kindly feeling that I now scrutinised the town on the sea, with its fortified towers on the harbour, and blossoming plains stretching to its walls, and said to it: "Dost see, little Civita Vecchia, once upon a time somebody got cuffed for thy sake, but there is no ill-feeling left. In those days thou haddest ten thousand seven hundred and thirty-four inhabitants; one remembers a thing like that." It is peculiar that they pronounce the name of the town wrongly in Italy. For the Italians say, Tschivita Veckya, while its correct name is Sivita Vekkia, as we were taught at school in our youth. The Saxons, say Berne and Dräsen, though an educated person pronounces them Pirna and Dresden. These are just national faults of pronunciation.

We were to arrive in Rome by express in two hours. My dozing had therefore come to an end; for I enjoyed in anticipation the sight of the eternal city, as poets call it, just as children look forward to Christmas. Rome! What has not happened in Rome? Wherever the world's history was being manufactured, Rome had a hand in it. Rome is the genuine true historic ground. And I was to tread upon it, I a Buchholz, formerly Fabian, from the Landsberger Strasse. It was almost beyond belief.

I looked out every minute to see whether Rome did not show itself yet, but instead of that I was only conscious of a country that made, so to speak, a morbid impression on me. There were wanting to this land of Italy through which we travelled the forests of our Germany, the thews and sinews of our beeches and our oaks. In the quite olden days Italy is said to have been beautified also by woods and forests, in the time that the gods were believed to lead hidden lives in the trees, and every tree was considered to be just as sacred as a sentry-box in the Wilhelmstrasse, although no soldier lived in it, but only a nymph, who had to die together with her tree. Later after they perceived that the affairs of both

gods and nymphs were in a halting condition, the Italians cut down their trees without qualms of conscience, and without making preparations for new plantations, and so the blessings which grove and forest had hitherto dispensed were gradually withdrawn. Then the water came and flooded the fields, the sun came and withered the herbs, fever came and spread itself over the surface of the earth.

The cheerful townships vanished ; the country houses of the rich Romans crumbled into ruins ; the temples of the gods were shattered. Such was the punishment of impiety and greed. One must proceed carefully with wood—it is too precious.

As they now possess no proper forests in which good timber grows, the Italians seek in every possible way for their small quantity of firewood, and for the brushwood for their hedges or for the peas, or as a protection for the lemon-trees against the frost at night. They find no tree too high for this purpose ; they climb up it and cut down the branches, until its top alone is left looking like a tail ; therefore few trees are to be seen which are not disfigured. Cypressess are left untouched, as they have only thin branches, and are planted for the most part in churchyards, and are respected ; only such branches as bear are left on the fruit-trees, in order that all their energy may be directed to the fruit ; and mulberry and olive-trees are treated in the same manner. On the other hand, other trees have a bad time of it, and the celebrated Italian pines would look very different if they had not been so hacked about. People have, however, gradually become accustomed to consider these cripples beautiful. I have seen pines in Naples which were not allowed to be mutilated, and which differed from the customary pines as does an unshaved Pomeranian from a shaved one. The poor Italian has no wood because

his ancestors had destroyed it all before his birth, and so he must just take it now where he can get it.

He even hacks off the myrtle bushes, and heats his stove with them. So each country has its own special customs—we make our bridal wreaths of myrtle. But to make up for it, we possess a larger quantity of peat.

Then a broad tract of country, bounded in the distance by mountains, opened out to view. These are the Albanian and Sabine hills, and the far outspread, rather hillocky country is the Campagna. If we only had it near Berlin! Nothing better adapted for the manœuvres can be imagined. And now domes and towers come in sight. That must be Rome! At this moment the two Englishmen so placed themselves before the carriage window that the view was totally hidden. Just now, when I was on the point of greeting eternal Rome, the prospect of two English backs interfered between me and the holy city. But the chequered youths knew neither Frau Buchholz nor the capabilities of her elbows. "No crowding," I exclaimed; "other people have paid their money as well as you;" and by forcing both on to their seats, I so arranged matters that we could all see out of the one window without getting into each other's way.

There lies Rome, with its churches, palaces, villas, and gardens, its cottages and ruins. We journey under the old viaducts, over the Tiber, past convents and vineyards. More and more domes come into sight, making one fancy that the Gensdarmenmarkt and the Palace have been multiplied by twenty-four times twenty-four. A pyramid appears; quite in the background a mighty cupola rises far above all buildings and towers . . . that is St. Peter's. The engine whistles, the train slows and comes to a halt in the station. We are really in Rome.

IN THE CITY OF THE SEVEN HILLS.

Why Englishwomen wear mourning while travelling—Greeting to Suabia—Why Frau Buchholz does not agree with Mommsen—Why amateur acting is dangerous—Why the Apostle Peter had a bad view—Why the *vetturino* was not a fool—Lina Morgenstern—Why Herr Buchholz was taken for a statue of Memnon, and Frau Buchholz began to write poetry—How Hadrian's ashes learned to fly—St. Peter—Why Uncle Fritz pretended that his nose was bleeding—Musical notes—Skat.

WE, however, were not the only strangers, for half England was in Rome as well. It is a fact worthy of notice that the majority of Englishwomen put on the deepest mourning when they visit Italy, and wear nothing white either at throat or wrists. Uncle Fritz suggested that they did it from motives of cleanliness, as one cannot see dirt on black nearly so easily as on white ; but I agreed with my Carl in his opinion, that, so far as we were concerned, we had a weakness for clean linen, no matter how many stones the washerwoman broke to pieces over it. We would not simulate mourning in order to lessen our laundress's bill !

Instead of making use of the hotel omnibus, we drove into Rome in a neat fly, to ensure our equanimity being undisturbed by any flabby faces. There are some ruins of ancient Rome immediately opposite the station—the baths of Diocletian, where the reading-room has been arranged as a church, into which our Berlin cathedral would fit comfortably, as it seemed to me, when we visited this church later, where Salvator Rosa reposes in a grave that is exhibited by the grey-garbed Carthusian monks. The old monk who took us round was a German from Suabia ;

he begged us to greet his home, which it was improbable that he would ever see again. I hereby deliver his greeting.

We then passed the Aqua Felice, one of the many fountains there are in Rome—the first Fontana that the visitor sees—and then came the tram, and the street into which we turned was just as modern as the tramway. It ought to be mentioned that everything is scattered about indiscriminately in Rome, be it primeval, ancient, belonging to the Middle Ages, modern, or recent. It even has a Privy Councillors' quarter, but that is not nearly as magnificent as Berlin W. But then rents are said to be less.

When we drew up at the Orient Hotel, the porter came to the carriage, and said in German that there was no room for us, and that it would be a matter of considerable difficulty to find rooms, as everything was occupied by the visitors, and more especially by the English, who, one and all, flocked to Rome for Easter week. He recommended us another hotel, where we did find quarters, magnificent rooms at magnificent prices, for everything in Rome is three times as dear at Easter as at other times.

"Carl," said I, "we can play at being grandees for one day, for we are in Rome. But to-morrow we go on to Naples, and will not return till after the strangers have dispersed, and the hotels become more moderate."—After Uncle Fritz had also declared himself agreeable to this plan, my Carl and I made ourselves so magnificent, that the waiters flew before us when we came down for breakfast, as if we had been actual Counts, and addressed us with *Excellenza*. But my manners were so aristocratic, and then again so condescending, that my Carl looked at me several times in astonishment, and Uncle Fritz nearly died of laughing at the waiter. I rebuked him in a calm and dignified manner for this plebeian behaviour, but it profited nothing; on the

contrary, he said: "Wilhelmine, if you could only see yourself, you would want to take a stuffed model of yourself back home." He had scarcely said it before one of the waiters rushed choking from the room, who, as it turned out afterwards, was a German, and had understood everything. Uncle Fritz is occasionally wanting in the endeavour after a higher ideal, but who can choose his own younger brothers?

Outside the sun streamed down in golden rays, and we determined to inspect Rome. The German waiter ordered an extremely elegant carriage for us, and gave the coachman his directions. We got in and gondolaed through the capital of Italy.

My Carl looked remarkably aristocratic in his brand-new white suit, and I was not at all behind in my light summer dress, black lace mantle, and mauve gloves; but Uncle Fritz for his part made a disgracefully tourist-like impression, in his gray-green travelling suit, armed with a blue cotton umbrella. People frequently stood still in the streets and gazed at us with astonishment, making me feel very angry with Uncle Fritz's toilette arrangements.

But the anger did not last long, for everywhere there was something to be seen and to be amazed at. These shops full of gold and precious stones in the Corso, these large photographs, these carriages, this mass of humanity, it is all so vast. And now the coachman drives more slowly, and says: "Il campidog liò," pointing the while to tolerably high-lying buildings. This is the Capitol, which was once saved by geese in the olden days, from which fact investigators have drawn positive conclusions that the ancient Romans were also acquainted with giblets; as to whether their knowledge extended, as ours does, to parsley, is a point which we may still hope to have cleared up. Then

he said: "Il Foro," and pointed to ruins of temples and buildings, called by the educated the Forum. We then stop in front of the Colosseum, which we enter.

The Arena at Verona is a very good-sized box, but what is it compared with the Colosseum? It was the largest theatre in the world, containing space for 87,000 spectators, who could reach the four stories by means of eighty entrances. At present only a third part of this gigantic edifice remains standing, as I have been told noble Romans manufactured palaces and churches out of the two remaining thirds in the Middle Ages and thereabouts, for they could not get squared freestone more conveniently than from the Colosseum. They also knew how to procure easily the lime requisite for building purposes, by breaking the marble covering off the walls, burning it together with the statues that they found, and stirring it into slaked lime by means of water. Three such lime-pits have been found in the Forum, where most of the ancient statues stood; these were the most easily broken up, and gave the best mortar, being made of the best marble and sculptured with the greatest skill.

The first representation in the Colosseum lasted for one hundred days, during which period five thousand wild beasts were killed.* The cages for the beasts are still to be seen, as well as the water-pipes necessary for the marine combats, and the cellar room for the machinery, wardrobes, dressing-rooms, waiting-rooms for the gladiators and slaves who were about to be eaten up, all of which appear absolutely incomprehensible. How splendid it must have been whilst the

* I am indebted for this notice, as well as for much other knowledge about antiquity, to Dr. Carl Theodore Gaedertz, who is extremely well informed in such matters. When I ask, "Doctor, where is this to be found?" he answers, "Pliny, p. 911," or "Tacitus," or "Juvenal," and he is always right. I express herewith my deeply felt thanks to this friend of our family.—WILHELMINE BUCHHOLZ.

business was still prospering ! Five thousand wild beasts ! Where is Bodinus * after that ?

In Nero's time there was on the site of the Colosseum an artificial lake, and this lay in the gardens that the spendthrift monarch had caused to be laid out round his golden home. As he was unable to find sufficient space for it, he expropriated a portion of Rome by means of arson. This was the quickest and cheapest mode of procedure for him, for in those days no private individual could make anything out of his piece of land, even when it lay exactly on the line marked out for the new street.

I have occupied myself largely with Nero, for he is a remarkable man, and would make a very good subject for a novel on historic ground, if he were not too masculine for a woman's pen. I must therefore leave the work to Ebers, Eckstein, or Dahn, much as I should like to share in the profits.

My views of Nero differ much from those of others, from Mommsen's for instance, for in many matters a woman's judgment is more circumspect than that of men, who lose their sense of domesticity as soon as they occupy themselves with the world's history.

Nero was not good for much, there can be no doubt about that. To begin with, I do not hold that the constant acting of comedy is advisable, for amateur theatricals often give occasion for incidents which make one feel thankful when even a fairly respectable match results from them. Generally speaking, *he* has much talent and no fortune, and plays the first rôles, and *she* has money and no talent, and is certain to take a leading part. Well, they are always together on the boards, look at each other, take hold of each other, embrace each other, kiss each other, and, moreover, say that it stands so in their parts. But I say:

* Late director of the Zoological Gardens in Berlin.—TRANS.

“Many a man and many a woman have been totally spoilt on the amateur stage, and who knows whether the everlasting acting may not have exercised a prejudicial influence on Nero’s character?”

And we must further ask, when we are turning over the pages in the chronicles of the past: What was Nero’s wife like? for it is a fact known all over the world, that a bad wife can ruin the best of men, while a good wife can very easily lead a bad man into the paths of virtue. Nero’s first wife, Octavia, is said to have been very good for those days, but her fault was this—she did not know how to manage Nero. The consequence was that Nero led a most dreadful life, often returned neither by day nor night to his home, and made the acquaintance of a certain Poppaea Sabina, whom he also married after causing Octavia to be executed. Now this Sabina was just the very worst sort of wife for a man like Nero. Her toilettes alone were sufficient to ruin him! The mules that bore her about were shod with golden shoes, and the milk of five hundred asses was provided daily to supply her bath. And this only for the sake of her complexion. With such a wife Nero must of course take to bad courses, for when a woman begins by bathing in milk, what will she drink with her coffee afterwards? Probably dissolved pearls, as Cleopatra did, who had at last no resource left but to nourish snakes in her bosom, as one sees her often doing in the pictures of the old masters.

In a word, Nero was enough to make one’s hair stand on end, but no one who is even partially acquainted with human life can deny that the two women are responsible for the bad account that Universal History gives of him in her book of criticism.

Do we not see in ‘Uarda,’ or in ‘The Emperor,’ or in any other grand re-creation of antiquity, that there was not a

hair's breadth of difference between thought or speech at that time and now in the Landsberger Strasse, except that they said, for instance, Forum instead of Molkenmarkt, Memphis instead of Leipzig, and papyrus instead of newspaper, and if so my conception of Nero must be accounted correct, for I live in the Landsberger Strasse?

Notwithstanding this, I believe that trouble is altogether thrown away on Nero, since even Rubinstein in his opera could not save him from being a lasting failure.

It is impossible to describe the sensations that steal upon the human spirit when it stands at last on the historic ground that it has made the object of thorough study incomprehensibly written, instructive and cultivating, universally intelligible, popular books, that have been especially adapted for ladies. Therein consists really the grandeur of our times, that every art and science is obtainable, like cold meat, for one mark per portion. Arithmetic books are the only ones that so far they have not been able to make generally intelligible, and therefore the four rules have still to be learned according to the old method, with much trouble, racking of our brains, and weariness—which accounts for the over-pressure of our youth!

My Carl was quite enchanted with the Colosseum; time after time he exclaimed: "What is the new metropolitan cattle market compared with this?" Is it possible for a Berliner to offer higher praise to a foreign city than is contained in publicly and willingly acknowledging her advantages and occasional superiority? And yet it is said of him that nothing and nobody outside his town finds favour in his residential eyes. No! the calumny is too great.

After we had given our gratuities and satisfied a certain number of beggars, we drove to St. Peter in Montorio, on the so-called Janiculum hill, where the Apostle Peter

suffered death by martyrdom. From here he had, at the last, the most delightful outlook over Rome, and the Campagna to the Albanian and Sabine Hills.

The view of Rome is overpowering, for it is the quondam mistress of the world that exhibits her beauty to us, marked deep by the furrows of time. Wreck and ruin are prominent everywhere, arches of aqueducts, columns and piers, temples and remains of palaces, the Colosseum, the Pantheon, and in the distance Hadrian's Mausoleum, the Castle of St. Angelo. That is ancient Rome, which, because it always remains too solid, cannot be dislodged by the Rome of the Middle Ages.

The palaces and churches with their cupolas and towers belong to that Rome; four hundred churches and chapels may be counted—they are the greatest glory that the city still possesses. Modern Rome, on the other hand, is modern; there is not much more to be said about it. The houses are square, with pea-green shutters, and are inhabited by my lords and my ladies at Easter-time. But for all this, the whole belongs to the most beautiful sight I have seen in my life; I should like to look across to Rome from the Janiculum once more before I die. There is something so indescribable in it!

A storm was coming up over the Albanian Hills which threw its dark shadow over the mountain, while Rome lay in the most brilliant sunshine. It wrapped the distance in ever-growing darkness, till there was nothing recognisable left, and when a flash of lightning quivered through the air, the white houses of Frascati and the villas on the slopes were illuminated, and the outlines of the mountains stood out sharply against the darkness.

The *vetturino* asked us whether he might drive us to a very remarkable and noteworthy sight. When we answered in the affirmative, he whisked us through all sorts of closed-

in lanes, until he drew up before the remnants of a wall of some ancient Roman aqueduct. He then pointed to a cannon-ball that was hard and fast in the wall, and spoke much and volubly. All I understood was: "Garibaldi"—"Italia unita"—"Evviva Italia"—"Evviva il re"—and I pronounced the coachman to be a downright fool, as there was absolutely nothing but lane and rubbish to be seen.

But Uncle Fritz said: "The fellow pleases me. He shows to those strangers in whose eyes he reads their delight in Rome, the cannon-ball that the French flung into his fatherland when they were helping the Pope to oppress Italy. He cries enthusiastically, 'Long live Garibaldi, long live United Italy, long live the King!' He does not forget their deliverer from ignominy, but honours him according to his lights, and I like that. Come hither, Italian; here is a *pourboire* for you, drink to your country's well-being, to the well-being of its deliverer and its monarch. Show the ball to every stranger, although the old morsel of wall is certainly not a Heidelberg castle. We, too, will empty a bottle of the noblest vintage in Germany's honour to-day; a Roman fly-driver must not put us to shame."

He gave the *vetturino* a handful of coins, and the man exclaimed gleefully: "Evviva Germania! Evviva Bismarcko!" "If you please, drive on. *Avanti, avanti!*"

After some minutes we reached some beautiful pleasure grounds, exquisite grass with carpet-beds, palms and aloes, blossoming camelias and roses, the Paolo Fountain, which makes a very different impression from the tiny fountains outside the Brandenburg gate, although these seek their equal in touching simplicity.

After this we wished to drive in the park of the Villa Doria Pamphili, but as carriages are only admitted on Mondays and Fridays after one o'clock—and one-horse vehicles not at all—we got out, for a real genuine villa

must be seen. The French have shot about several pavilions, and wounded a good many statues, as if they had been human beings, but the park is very beautiful notwithstanding, and the view of St. Peter's and the Vatican simply charming.

While we were wandering at our pleasure through the dense avenues of holm-oaks, olives, and other marvellous trees, and revelling in Nature, the sky clothed itself so rapidly in gloom, that it was impossible for us to reach the carriage waiting at the gate before the storm broke. It burst forth as if the cleansing angel in heaven had said ; "There goes Frau Buchholz in her new dress, now pour away." If the rain which fell here in a quarter of an hour had to come down in Berlin, it would require at least a week to do it in. Well, I was wet through before it had properly begun, and my Carl made a most deplorable impression in the white suit, that was dripping wet in the twinkling of an eye; he might have been hung up at once as he was to dry; and to make matters worse, the dye in my modern manufactured Mauve gloves ran. My dress looked hopeless.

"I advised you to leave your fine feathers at home," said Uncle Fritz. "If you were intending to live for weeks in Rome, and going into society, drawing-room toilettes would be necessary. When travelling, one needs travelling dresses. Make a note of that. And now to get back to the hotel. My poor brother-in-law is chattering with cold in his thin white suit. If anything happens to him it will lie on your conscience !"

"Where is the brandy ?" I cried.—"In the hotel."

"How could you forget that ?" I attacked Fritz ; "it will be your fault if my poor Carl gets ill, not mine !"

We hurried back to the hotel as quickly as possible, and put my husband to bed. He complained greatly of rheu-

matism again, and shivered and shuddered. "If only he has not taken the fever!" the thought ran ice-cold through my marrow. While I rubbed him thoroughly, Uncle Fritz primed him diligently with grog made of the best brandy, which he had carefully laid aside for solemn occasions, until my Carl was quite warm and quite cheerful again; and he repeated continually that Rome was awfully comfortable, and I his best of old women.

As soon as he had gone to sleep, Uncle Fritz said: "He is all right, so I can go off with a quiet mind, and have a look at Rome by night. Bye-bye, Wilhelmine!"

I hung up the aristocratic garments to dry in the state chamber, and had refreshments brought to my room. When the waiter came he looked at the clothes, looked at my Carl in bed, looked at me, but said never a word. Had it not been unaristocratic, it would have been bliss to me to snub him, his dumb impertinence incensed me to such a degree. Only German waiters behave in this churlish fashion; they think the guests are made for them, and not they for the guests! But whence comes this confusion of relations? From the fact that special schools for waiters are wanting. Improvement can only be looked for after these have been called into existence, and provided with professors and all proper appurtenances.

Something of the same sort should be devised for house-servants, and preparatory seminaries for charwomen would not be out of place, for but very few of their number are scrupulously clean and thorough in their work. To what account might not Herr and Frau Lina Morgenstern turn their usefulness in this sphere, if they only would.

So the century laid its gaping wounds on my bleeding heart, while I watched beside my Carl, who was sleeping like a statue of Memnon, which is known to have growled when its sleep was disturbed. In this solitude, overflowed

by the waves of the world's great woes, I thought upon the old gods, upon the Apollo Belvedere, upon poetry.

"Oh, ye Muses," I whispered, that I might not disturb my sleeping one, "if ye are not bound at this moment to stand godfather to one of the many German poets who are sworn in to the profession, then haste to me and bring the Delphian chair, for I feel a mighty poetic impulse."

When my Carl awoke at midnight, and complained of nothing more than an after-thirst, I was already in a condition to read him a verse of the poem, which I contemplated dedicating to the *manes* of Dante, and calling: "On Tiber's beauteous strand." The verse ran as follows:—

"O, orange groves! O, land of genius old!
How full thou art of marvels, great, sublime!
From out the marble what could they not mould,
Those artists who no more belong to time?
Though much is broken, still we can unfold
The soul, that reaches from those days to mine.
Each tree is easy by its fruit to know,
And so we judge the art of long ago."

My husband considered the work very good, but thought that poetry exhausted him, and devoted himself once more to sleep. Uncle Fritz said the next morning that the verse was gruesome. Now who was right, and who was I to follow? For the present at least I have been bereft of the desire to write poetry; later on spring toilettes will need seeing to, in summer comes the journey to one of the Baths, and in autumn there is the preserving, then I have not any time. But is the verse really so gruesome?*

Nothing came of our intended departure for Naples, as it was necessary for my Carl to have his sleep out. How

* As, according to Otto Franz Gensichen, the value of a poem lies in the avoidance of every possible hiatus, the incriminated verse must be a masterpiece. But, notwithstanding, if Frau Buchholz contemplates further poetical composition she might do well to join a literary circle, whose members are assured of mutual glorification. The competition in articles of this description is too great.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

happy was I now that those cigars which I had saved at the risk of life and limb were palatable to him, for he tried the long cavours such as they smoke in Italy once, but they did not agree with him. He was no better off with them than the Italians, who spit like llamas wherever they may happen to be. So long as he smoked, and indeed for a considerable while after, my Carl, too, was quite a llama. We dressed in our sober travelling costumes, and after breakfast drove through Rome again.

As we did not appear in the height of our elegance, which as the reader knows was hanging up in the hotel to dry, we did not arouse any marked attention. And it was better so, for as I learned later, Italians consider those strangers quite past remedy who go about attired in piqué or nankin. They guard themselves most carefully from cold, especially in those parts where fever lingers, and Rome belongs unfortunately to the number, although certain quarters of it are quite healthy.

The Roman sees to it that he gets back home with the sinking sun, and remains in his dwelling for some hours after sunset, for about this time the fever-vapours rise from the warm earth into the cooler night air. He goes out again later, visits his acquaintance, or goes to the café, or stands in the Colonna Square or in the Corso, and behaves like a llama, owing to his cigars.

Of what avail are the costly villas to their possessors? There is the Villa Borghese, which is surrounded by a park, and looks exactly as if it had been laid out after the pattern of old engravings, although the engravings were drawn after it; and in the villa are marble figures which are so celebrated that no one can pay for them; but none dares live there on account of the fever.

It is remarkable that many statues which had two stars in the guide books made an impression on me exactly as if

they, like many men, had received one or more orders without any one really knowing why they were decorated. There are many who get orders because they have attained the necessary age for it; and so I imagine that many of the antiques are distinguished by stars because they are very old.

As neither Herr Professor Quenghuber nor Herr Spannbein were present to explain to me why the hideous is often beautiful, and the beautiful often hideous, I had to project myself into the statues on my own account, and mentally gather up for myself all that was noteworthy about them.

There was a boy in bronze in the Villa Borghese that interested me because he represented a young Spartan. These Spartans were a very curious people, who subordinated everything to bodily strength; while we are more in favour of examinations for the *yearly volunteers*, for an unusual amount of knowledge, for weak chests and short-sightedness. If one of those Spartan boys—they were all born acrobats—broke his leg while running a race in the morning, and the surgeon set it for him, making his bones grate the while, he sang with all his might: "'Tis thus we live, 'tis thus we live, 'tis thus we live each day!"* In the afternoon he was in the race again, and if he did not win the first prize, it occasionally happened that grief and shame made his heart stand still, and that he fell down dead at the goal. On this account the statue appeared to me in the highest degree worthy of notice, although it has not been honoured with a star, and only receives its full significance when viewed in the light of ancient history. It is not only art and beauty that give a work of art its value, but also the history and anecdotes that one can relate about it, or its author, or the subject that it represents.

* A well-known military song, called after the Old Dessauer.—
TRANS.

This is why it is said to be so desperately difficult for critics to write about a work of art with no sensational story connected with it; and this may perhaps be the reason why they are always whining that no more historical pictures are being painted; for if one does fall under their pen, they need only turn to history book or encyclopedia, from which they will be able to take as many remarks worthy of note as I have produced about the Spartan boy. But is it the function of the artist to make life easy for the critics?

Besides this, the Villa Borghese contains a statue of Napoleon's sister as Venus. I accept everything possible that comes to us from the antique, for there was no fashion in those days, as the old Greeks spared even the scrap of zephir, without which nowadays neither Hercules nor Sylph dare brave the air; but when a lady throws herself on a sofa in a condition for marble, and leads other people to believe that she had nothing to put on, although she was the sister of an emperor who would have covered her from top to toe with diamonds had she asked him—even though he might have had to steal the jewels—I do confess to finding it very far-fetched. But it must be in the family, for he had nothing on in Milan, and she has nothing on in Rome. My Carl was quite of my opinion, but Uncle Fritz called us Philistines. But I am absolutely certain that if I, his very own sister, wished to stand as a plaster or marble Venus on the chiffonier of our best room, he would be the first to make a noise about such a kind of work of art.

I will say nothing about the remaining statues, for I should not have finished the description of all the figures that one meets with in the city and villas till the Day of Judgment. In every square one sees how excellently they understood in Rome, from the earliest ages, how to use the sculptor in order to make the city as interesting as possible.

This delicious fountain with marble figures,—how I long

for just such a one in Berlin! We possess waterworks too, and the like of Sansouci is sought for vainly in Italy; but a youthful city ought to have its ornaments just like a youthful wife. How would it be if Schiller were driven out to the park and given as tasteful a site as his friend Goethe? Also the stupid trees might be removed from the theatre, and a fountain with figures erected in its stead suitable for the spot. The obelisk for the Potsdam Platz is also still wanting. Visitors bring millions to Rome yearly; capital invested in art bears enormous interest. But what is likely to bring visitors to Berlin if there are not sufficient remarkable sights to occupy some weeks? They get tired at last of going about on the town railway, and do not interest themselves in embankments. There is surely no want of artists.*

When we made inquiries at the "Orient" we found a letter from the daughters. They were well and cheerful, and had nothing new to tell, except that a fresh embargo had been laid on dogs, and that some mysterious woman prowled about in the Blumenstrasse, robbing children of their earrings. Being in Rome, that was naturally a matter of indifference to me. Then they complained that my first letter was so learned they had not been able to understand it. So I determined to write more intelligibly for them in future.

As we were on the point of leaving, a well-known voice exclaimed suddenly, "Good gracious, Frau Buchholz, why there you are!"—Frau Kliebisch and her Underdone one were coming downstairs. The meeting was very enjoyable; for it is when meeting with some barely quarter-known

* By no means. Any one who saw the obelisk on the Potsdamerplatz at the time of our Emperor's entry, will willingly resign all pretensions for the ancient monoliths, and only regret that so far it has not been erected.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

acquaintances on our travels that we first really see that man is a gregarious animal, and attain thereby a more accurate knowledge of our own destiny.

Frau Kliebisch asked whether we were inclined to hear Allegri's celebrated 'Miserere,' which can only be properly given in Rome. As the Sistine chapel was no longer used for ecclesiastical functions, the Miserere was given daily in a hall as a concert for the sake of the English, and it began at four o'clock.—"If it is celebrated," said I, "of course we must hear it!"—"There is no more celebrated music," affirmed Frau Kliebisch. "My husband certainly prefers operettas, but he is going to-day to please me. Are you not, Hinnerich?"

"The Miserere is so celebrated, you know, Henriette," answered Herr Kliebisch, with a faint sigh.

After everything had been carefully agreed upon, we drove to St. Peter's. Though I was vexed that the Kliebischs were occupying cheaper rooms at the "Orient," an address that they had got from me, while we were obliged to live in a hotel where we were charged at the rate of Counts, still I was not angry with Henriette, but valued highly her attention about the Miserere tickets.

We passed the bridge of St. Angelo. The marble angels which stand on the piers of the bridge have accumulated a remarkable quantity of black moss, and therefore do not match in colour. Some have a white body and black arms, others a dark cheek and white nose, while others again are spotted irregularly; but as there are said to be about sixty thousand statues scattered over Rome, there is not sufficient time to polish the images like ours on the castle bridge, which supply work for six months. If the same thing were done in Rome, the first statues would be re-covered with moss before the last came under the brush. It would be just as useless as for any one to worry himself by glueing

the falling leaves on to the branches in Unter den Linden in autumn. Besides, as Baedeker says, the ten colossal angel statues bear witness to the unartistic taste of those days. This being so, they deserve no better fate than to become black.*

Hadrian's mausoleum is now called the Castle of St. Angelo, and is a fortress. In the middle of the mighty building lies the small sepulchral chamber in which his ashes were interred. They have, however, flung them out. Who knows who may play with our bones one day, when those of Hadrian have been treated in such fashion? I have seen his bust pretty frequently, for it would appear that he liked being photographed by the sculptors, as every museum possesses at least half-a-dozen Hadrians; and I could not help thinking, "Poor fellow, as Emperor they flew before you, as ashes it was you who flew; let us hope that you have now a good place in the realms of the blessed."

We then drove across St. Peter's Piazza with the colonnades, on which three carriages can drive side by side, and which only cost three and a half million marks. In the middle of the piazza stands the obelisk, which was erected only by means of water poured upon it. On either side two fountains spurt foaming rays upwards day and night, and wet the mosaic flooring of the place according to the direction from which the wind blows, and flings the drops to one side. In earlier times the obelisk stood in Caligula's theatre, where Nero played the actor. The smoky light of the living torches fell upon this obelisk.

* Holy Bernini, what would have been said of you if you had made the figures for the Königsbrücke, which now stand in Berlin on the little Königsplatz, and in certain corners of the park—a merciful Providence having interfered to prevent the erection of the bridge, which would have been a monstrosity above all monstrosities? Or would you perhaps have been raised to the dignity of fiscal privy councillor?—EDITOR'S NOTE.

These were Christians wrapped in inflammable material and set on fire, in order that Nero could see more clearly in the fading twilight how ravenous dogs, thirsting for blood, rent in pieces defenceless beings sewn into the skins of animals, who were brothers and sisters of those torches.

The church of St. Peter's, the greatest church in the world, now rears itself where those horrors were perpetrated. We got out of the carriage and walked up the broad steps leading to the portal. The pillars of the doors grew with each step into a porch, into which I was drawn like a straw into a whirlpool. The porch alone might have been a church, how colossal therefore must the actual interior be?

I may well say that I entered with a sort of expectant beating of the heart, but when I had taken the first couple of steps I was disappointed. I had imagined everything to be bigger!

I was certainly struck by the magnificence of the coloured marble walls, the golden glitter of the dome, the dazzling white of the figures of the saints, and in the distance I saw tiny lights burning that gave the impression of tapers flaming out of a golden wreath; but where was the vastness?

My Carl went forward more quickly and approached one of the piers to the right, against which stands a small marble angel which presents a muscle-shell filled with holy water to those entering the edifice. When my Carl approached the angel closely, I saw suddenly how diminutive my Carl was, and how fearfully big the angel, which I had taken for a tiny statue. Suddenly it struck me that the church became larger and larger and I smaller and smaller. My breath left me, and a feeling akin to fear overcame me—I was forced to weep. My Carl gave me his arm, but it lasted long before I could again compose myself.

After I had once more to a certain extent recovered consciousness, and had not only lost my fear of the vast

space and overpowering splendour, but was able to inspect the details with a calmer pulse, I remained close to Uncle Fritz, who was obliged to look up the meaning of this, that, and the other in his Baedeker, and to see why it attracted to itself the glances of an art-loving crowd. "What does he say of St. Peter's? is he out of his mind about it?" I asked.—"I'll see," answered Uncle Fritz, and read: "The exterior of St. Peter's is susceptible of criticism; the interior, on the contrary, makes an overwhelming impression, notwithstanding the injury done to it by spurious magnificence. Full stop."—"So that is what he says! Spurious magnificence? Not bad. If the marble walls, which are so beautiful that I can imagine nothing more beautiful,* and the figures in their vastness appear to be just exactly big enough, and look splendid in their niches, that is all spurious magnificence? I should like to see genuine magnificence for once if this be spurious."—"It really is a pity," said Uncle Fritz, "that so many old masters, painters, sculptors, and architects, should have been unable to give satisfaction to those versed in art. Had they only had an idea of the treatment they would receive in later days at the hands of the guide-books, they would either have given themselves more trouble, or . . ."—"Or?"—"Have made terms with the critics of their days, have managed to gain their friendship, and, above all, have relied as implicitly on the omnipotence of criticism, as on the want of judgment of the common herd."—"I hope that you do not reckon me among the common herd?"—"I am only talking symbolically, Wilhelmine, for I am speaking of bygone days; it goes without saying that such a thing could not happen in our century. There is nothing now but justice, want of

* It is, however, in the "imagining more beautiful," that the *forte* of most art critics lies, although they never say how the thing that they blame might possibly have been improved.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

envy, impartiality, knowledge, understanding, and power of judgment, no wickedness, no venality, no malice. For surely every one is so far enlightened as to know that stupidity is a talent which must not be misused!"—"You are right. Coming generations will throw enough light on our ideally humane age."—"That's a matter of course," answered Uncle Fritz.*

I discovered on approaching more nearly that what I had taken for a golden wreath were numerous lamps borne on golden branches, which burn in memory of the Apostle Peter, whose grave is under the tabernacle. Above it bends the dome of the church, which puzzles one to understand how it can be so high when one looks up.

I also saw the bronze statue of St. Peter with the keys, whose big toe pious folk have already half kissed away, and the mighty organ which is placed on wheels, in order that it may be driven to the spot where music is required for the service.

Everything in this church is remarkable. A colony of workmen and watchmen live above on the roof of St. Peter's. They have gardens up there, goats and other animals, and are generally contented. With heaven above and the church of churches beneath no ill can befall them. The dome is

* It is to be hoped that posterity will occupy itself with Dubois-Reymond, who in his rectorial speech (1882) seriously advised Goethe's Faust to marry Gretchen, legitimatise his child, and invent electric machines and air-pumps. Nor must it forget the critic of the 'Magdeburg Journal' of April 12, 1882, which propounded the following oracular speech to its readers: "In the present day a strong dose of patience and an interesting guest are the only means of being tided over the endlessly extended five acts of Schiller's 'Robbers.' The characters throughout are placed on a pinnacle; not one of them is to be seen or known; all are emanations of the imagination," etc., etc. It will also not overlook Th. Fontane, who calls E. v. Wildenbruch's dramatic talent a treble-heated locomotive which rushes along the tracks without a brake, and with untrue points. Fie, fie, Fontane! A singing swan is not a locomotive! And if posterity asks, "Had they not a Dalldorf then?" What then?—EDITOR'S NOTE.

so enormous that it always throws a shadow, only it is necessary to be constantly moving one's chair if one wishes to sit in the shade. Sixteen people can get into the ball of the dome; if fat, only ten or twelve.

Before leaving St. Peter's I inspected the confessionals for every language in the world, which stand like little custom houses for the hereafter. Tiny lisping children were the only ones for whom none was provided. Close beside the middle door Uncle Fritz showed us a coloured stone plate let into the flooring, upon which the German Emperors used formerly to be crowned.

"It has done with its crowning," said my Carl. "The crown belongs to him who has made his land into an empire. No third person is necessary there!"

I would have given a great deal to be able to get a really nice breakfast at Fritz Töpfers or Rudolf Dressel's, but we were obliged to content ourselves instead with Italian cookery. Uncle Fritz bestowed upon us a bottle of sparkling Asti, as they call the indigenous champagne. One cannot expect to get more at two marks per bottle, not even ice, which we were not given either.

Food is very good in the big hotels, but as the temperance Americans drink nothing at table, preferring rather to get besotted in their rooms, the thirsty German has to bear their share of the high *table d'hôte* prices. Later we dined frequently in the Genio, at Corodotti's, and Morteo's, and were very well satisfied. Vienna beer may be had at Morteo's on the Corso, in mugs, like cage-birds' cups—dear, but cool and good.

We fetched the Kliebischs according to agreement, and enjoyed the 'Miserere.' The entire hall was full of English, mostly belonging to the feminine sex and in mourning. They turned up their eyes in enviable devotion, while I felt dreadfully bad, for it sounded as if four courtyards adjoined

on each other, and in each yard somebody was singing something different all at the same time. Whether they were human beings or cats is a matter of indifference. After the first ten minutes Uncle Fritz pretended that his nose was bleeding and made himself scarce. But the English! they fell into greater ecstasies.

Frau Kliebisch thought also that the *Miserere* did not sound beautiful, and Herr Kliebisch grumbled that such continued lamentations was enough to drive them from the hotel.

For my own part I should have preferred something more full of feeling, as, for instance, 'Der liebe Gott geht durch den Wald.' Frau Kliebisch says that musical societies such as we possess are not to be found in the whole of Italy, and she is right. If we ever get up a picnic with a musical society, what exquisite singing we do have! The mere sight of the singers arranging themselves is sufficient—a change from life to the stillness of death. Then the conductor gives them their note. Some of them positively grow pale with internal excitement. And then it breaks forth. And then!

If no musical society is present, people naturally make no great demands, and are contented if the gentlemen begin: "Oh Forest, deep and gloomy!" and do not sing it to the end. They see that their intentions are good. They do not usually know anything more, as they take neither words nor music with them. It would therefore be of great practical use if the most favourite songs were printed inside on the hat linings, so that the gentlemen performers should at least not get into difficulties on account of the words, for nothing is more painful for the ladies than to see people pressed and pressed and then for no song to be forthcoming.

Still I should prefer renouncing song to ever hearing the

Miserere again. My teeth are set on edge when I only think of it.

I asked Frau Kliebisch how, speaking generally, Italian music pleased her? She said that what one had a chance of hearing were mostly airs from the operas; nor did she think that songs such as Brahms, Yensen, Naubert, or Hoffman composed, would be sung down here, and insisted that they could not get up a cathedral choir comparable to the one in Berlin. "I admit that the music sounds merry enough in Italian churches," said I, "but if people are accustomed to being devotional over a waltz, that is their concern."

Uncle Fritz agreed with me, that everybody ought to be allowed their own pleasures, and asked Herr Kliebisch whether he played skat?—"Rather!" answered he. It was fortunate that Frau Kliebisch induced her husband to make a timely move for their hotel, or else the gentlemen would have played till early morning. But I swore to be revenged in the depths of my inner consciousness, and before falling asleep I had taken a resolution to show the gentlemen later where the place for cards was in the land of Italy.

ON THE BAY OF NAPLES.

Why Frau Kliebisch could endure neither six-eight time nor lemons—
The Abruzzi—Of the music-misery—The robbers—Equality in the sight of the sun—A German temple of science—Santa Lucia—
Why Frau Buchholz did not like being in the Museum—Why the Neapolitan will not exchange bankers with any Berliner—Naples from the outside—The dog and the miser—Pompeii and Spandau—
The flies and the Capucines—Why Frau Buchholz curtsies to a fish—
Why Vesuvius became unruly—Capri—Why a hole in the strangers' book is revered at Amalfi—*Addio mia bella Napoli.*

Now we were moving towards Naples.

The Kliebischs had joined our party—he on account of skat, she on account of my advice, for an elderly wife has

certainly had more experience than one who is on her wedding tour.

I asked now how they had amused themselves on the Lago di Garda.—It was tolerable.—Had they seen oranges and lemons there too? “Unfortunately yes.”—“Why unfortunately?” “Ah, dearest Frau Buchholz, what have I not suffered? Hinnerich had no peace until we were on the steamer. The lake became more turbulent the farther we went; I shudder now when I think of it. The boat went up and down, always in six-eight time, just like one of Hiller’s Rondos.”—“And it made you feel ill?”—“Not altogether then, for I am fairly accustomed to music. Hinnerich, who saw my condition, was in despair at not being able to help me, and tried to revive me with all manner of refreshments. He brought me everything that he was advised to try, coffee, seltzer, and at last a lemon in its peel, which is said to be very good.”—“Was that any good?”

“In order to bite into the lemon I had to open my mouth, and that was my undoing. My new velvet dress and Hinnerich’s light top-coat were delivered over to destruction at the same moment—I had just enough consciousness left to notice that. Then everything vanished except the six-eight time, which did not die away, but hammered on my whirling brain with demoniacal pertinacity. As Hinnerich told me later, he and a sailor dragged me into the cabin, where I am said to have looked like a broken lily. Hinnerich was in the depths of despair and kept on exclaiming: ‘I have killed my wife, I am my Henriette’s murderer; why did I let her put her foot on the treacherous steamer? O how I bewail my unlucky affection for rowing and sailing!’ He had to relate this to me at least a hundred times, when we were on dry land later on, and each time I closed his mouth with a kiss and said: ‘You good creature, how you have suffered; I will reward you for your faithful love and

tenderness.' 'And I will sweeten existence for you, my angel,' he then said caressingly, 'as far as ever it is in my power; you shall have a much more beautiful velvet dress than the ruined one, as sure as my name is Hinnerich Kliebisch.' But the dreadful part is, that since that affair I can neither bear to smell lemons nor listen to any of Hiller's compositions; as soon as I do, I get seasick again."

"That is cruel. Did you go to Milan too?"—"Yes."—"Did you see the cathedral?"—"Only from the outside."—"Did you see Napoleon with nothing on?"—"No."—"Did you see the Last Supper?"—"No."—"Then what did you see?"

"Dearest Frau Buchholz, I was in such a suffering condition that we hardly got out of the hotel at all; Hinnerich did not stir from my side for a single moment. From Milan we travelled to Bologna."—"And what is to be seen there?"—"A very good hotel and two leaning towers."—"Two? I shall not go to Bologna; I have had quite enough of one leaning tower. Carl, look out and see whether you cannot see Vesuvius yet."

"Directly, my child. Diamonds win,—a good trick, and cheap too. . . . Herr Kliebisch, you have the lead."—"Hinnerich, my dear, what mountains are these here on the left?"—"One moment, Henriette. Another trump and another!"—"Your play, Herr Kliebisch," said my Carl.—"You have got the Baedeker, do look, Fritz."—"Directly, Wilhelmine. Carl, I'll trouble you for a card of some sort."—"The rest are mine."—"Your deal, Herr Kliebisch."—"I ought to have played the ten of spades; you would have lost it then," said Herr Kliebisch, shuffling the cards.—Not at all, my king was twice guarded."—"We should like to know the names of the mountains!" I reminded them very sharply.

While Herr Kliebisch was shuffling, Uncle Fritz consulted

the book. "They are the Abruzzi!" he exclaimed.—Frau Kliebisch was just as terrified as I was. We were so close to the Abruzzi, where human life ranks lower in the rate of exchange than Oelheimer bonds, and our natural protectors were playing cards. We closed the windows at least as a precaution.

"Carl," I exclaimed, "do you not know that we are surrounded by bandits?"—"Your husband is fleecing us as thoroughly as if he were at home," laughed Herr Kliebisch. Never did I feel so vexed with the Underdone one as now, for I do not tolerate witticisms at my husband's expense. Tears stood in Frau Kliebisch's eyes. "Hinnerich loves me no longer," she complained, "he has not given me a kiss for a whole hour."—"You can make up arrears in the hotel," I answered venomously.

She cast a reproachful glance at me, and said tearfully :
"O, if you only knew how I love Hinnerich! What should I be without him?—A poor pianist, obliged to depend upon the favour of her fellow-creatures, and upon lessons at six groschens an hour. What are the concerts that we obscure artists give, but musical mummeries? . . . We are invited to parties to play, the oftener the better, and in return, when matters have progressed so far, some dozen concert tickets are taken from us, which are given to poor relations or to the cook and her relations. There is no glory to be reaped from such an audience. And as to pecuniary profit—we are delighted if ten to twenty marks remain after having paid for the hall, gas, printing expenses and the costs of our assistants. You do not know the brilliant wretchedness of music, you do not know how difficult it is to get on, for in these days it is almost the superhuman that is demanded from us. Ah, how soon I found out that I never would belong to the favoured ones; I felt how my dreams of pride and glory

melted away, how reality came and bound me to the piano with fetters both of necessity and of the humiliations to which poverty in a silk dress and cleaned kid gloves is exposed, but not with those of art. Hinnerich has freed me from those chains, and did he no longer love me I should kill myself."

"Frau Kliebisch," I said, "we seldom know what sort of milk a wooden cow gives. I like that about your Hinnerich, though I cannot say that he would be exactly my taste in other respects."—"Ah, if you only knew him," she interrupted me.

After this emotion I considered it advisable to allow ourselves a sip. The gentlemen drank first, as there just happened to be a pause in the deal, and then they handed us the flask.

As Frau Kliebisch was on the point of carrying the good liquor to her mouth, there was a knock at the window, and a being with blackened visage demanded admission. "The bandits?" shrieked Frau Kliebisch, and let the bottle fall. The gentlemen jumped up. However, the excitement was meaningless, for the supposed robber unmasked himself as a guard begrimed with soot, who announced that we would soon be in Naples. He probably speculated on a tip, but owing to the fright he had given us it was withheld from him.

It is not yet clear to me whether a gratuity is or is not a kind of delicate robbery. When rooms are taken in a hotel, it is surely clear that one is not supposed to sweep the rooms, make the beds, clean the boots, fetch coffee and eatables from the kitchen. But as soon as ever one is leaving, all the people who have performed these services, that are necessarily included in the charges, demand their gratuities. What is the meaning of it?

Translated into German it means *Abruzzerci*. Are we

to woo the favour of the hotel servants by means of small change? Is it really sensible to purchase the benevolent smiles of the house servant with filthy lucre? Is it aristocratic to earn for one's self the respect of the housemaid by means of a hand-pressure clogged with finance? Certainly not, although Uncle Fritz's ideas on this subject are different from mine.

He thinks it must be explained that people would be better served if, being guests and strangers, they paid the wages of the hotel domestics in the shape of gratuities; but how are services, which the hotel is bound to have performed without extra charges, to be paid by extra wages? It is surely a contradiction. And whether a wretch in black dress clothes or a donna of the scrubbing-brush is better disposed towards me than towards some other guest, or lets me mount a few pence in her private estimation, is extremely indifferent to me.

The English and Americans are not used to the bestowal of gratuities, nor do they give any. But notwithstanding, or perhaps just on account of this, they are treated with the most refined politeness, are given the best rooms, the best seats at table, and are nothing out of pocket.

Thanks to gratuities we have imposed a direct taxation on ourselves which simply becomes monstrous. A young man who dines in a hotel at mid-day, and drinks his glass of beer in the evening, does not get off with less than a gratuity often pfennigs on each occasion, unless he wishes to expose himself to being despised by Monsieur the waiter. This closely reckoned makes sixty marks a year. If the State demanded these sixty marks of him for important objects, how he would shriek murder, how the newspapers would cry out, how they would talk each others' heads off in the Imperial Diet! Were he obliged to give this money for the poor, how he would writhe and twist! But the

waiters' good-will is worth that much to him. Could there be anything more ridiculous?

The reason of our objecting to gratuities, more even than usual in Italy, is as clear as daylight, for there everything costs a forced almsgiving—art, nature, life, here and beyond the grave. A true Italian believes that the archangel Gabriel, when he had expelled our first parents for breach of contract, demanded a gratification from Adam, and when he did not get one, as there was no small coin in those days, would not let them back again into their dwelling.

Here and there Italy is certainly a paradise, but it would be still more paradisaical without gratuities.

The gentlemen stopped their wretched game, we collected our packages and prepared for our arrival. Herr Kliebisch took possession of the emptied flask, to have it filled at his expense, by which sign of good breeding he inclined me more propitiously towards him. Such an idea would naturally not have struck Herr Spannbein, as artists are too frequently accustomed to drinks gratis, and here and there to bread and cheese gratis as well.

Our way lay through cornfields, which, however, looked more like orchards whose trees bore luxuriant garlands of vines, past vegetable gardens, where everything that grew superabounded with strength. Whether it was cabbages, artichokes, paradise apples, pumpkins, cucumbers, lettuce, beans, or peas, everything pushed on as if it wanted to win the first prize at a horticultural exhibition. Moreover, the beds were as neat as a table that had been laid, the paths seemed to be drawn by a ruler, and the hedge cut, with orange and lemon trees between them, and the Japanese medlars, whose small, yellow, acid fruit might be more refreshing if its hard kernel were not so deceitfully large; and not a sign of weeds.

Vesuvius is not seen from the railway, as Monte Somma

hides it. The train brings one into Naples just as it does into other towns, and always the same colour. Uncle Fritz said too: "This is supposed to be Naples? Not so bad either!" And then the same vexation with the wretched trunks.

* * * *

From my diary.

We have now been three days in Naples, and I still feel all astray. How shall I make a beginning of describing the town? * One can hardly collect one's ideas. Everything is alive—the sky lives, the sea lives, the sunshine, the whole of nature. And the people—they rush and bustle like boys who have just been sent off for their holidays, and to whom the schoolmaster has nothing more to say.

Rome has something distinguished about it. Who would make a disturbance in the vicinity of graves? In Naples, on the contrary, the past is forgotten, as we forget winter when the first summer's day comes in May, for there they have everlasting summer. Each day brings new life, and with their small requirements the people know no care for the morrow, therefore they do not trouble themselves either about yesterday. Every one is satisfied with himself as he is, he does not consider himself beneath his neighbour, whose coat has one hole less than his. I am alluding to the poor, for whose pleasure the blue sky, the sea, and the sunshine exist, just as much as they do for the rich. So the poor man understands being merry there, however miserably poor he may be.

The Neapolitans are called lazy, because many of them

* According to custom somewhat in this fashion: Naples lies under 40° 5' north latitude, on the north side of the bay, which possesses a circumference of 7–8 geographical miles, is bounded on the N.W. by the Capo Misene, and on the S.E. by the Punta della Campanella, is still more shut off from the sea by the adjoining islands, Procida and Ischia in the West, Capri in the South, etc., etc.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

can supply their small necessities with little work, and they are abused as sluggards ; that is wrong.

The tradesmen work in the streets. It is a pleasure to see how untiring and diligent they are. In the poorer quarters the women take out their gowns and spindles for a gossip in the streets ; but while talking they spin a strong thread that provides them with coarse linen for their gowns. Instead of stockings they mostly wear the climate, especially on weekdays. On Sundays, on the other hand, they adorn themselves. A simple dress, a coloured ribbon, an imitation gold ornament round their neck and in their ears, and noisy pleasure in addition—this is their finery. I should like to have laughed, to have bustled about, to have been unrestrainedly merry with them, but what would people have thought of me in the Landsberger Strasse ? With us everything wants to be in the fashion, even the servant girls. Fashion brings cares, of which the daughter of Naples knows as little as of snow in April. For whom is she to involve herself in expense ? For her lover ? But he is no ape of fashion. For other people ? She is merry without the feeling that others envy her on account of her dress ; and how merry she is !

We were on the Chiaja yesterday evening. It was an Italian night, with a concert. The Neapolitan gentlesfolk of quality drove up and down. Four rows of carriages, and what elegant equipages ! What toilettes ! I have never seen the like. Carriages are required for a Corso, flies of second quality do not belong to it, nor even those of the first. And how cheerful all their occupants looked ! Later on the park was illuminated by hundreds of gas jets. The palms were genuine, not made of tin painted green. The sea dashes close up to the park, the waves accompanying the music, and when this ceases, they amuse themselves on their own account like the people. In the middle of the park a

magnificent white building rises, whose walls are illuminated by the gas jets. It stands as soberly quiet amid the hubbub, the rolling of wheels, the loud-voiced confusion of the multitude, and the melodies of the orchestra, as if it were foreign to them. So it is foreign; it is the zoological station erected by Dr. Anton Dohri of Stettin. The German Empire contributed one hundred thousand marks towards it, and the Bëflin Academy established a small steamer for the capture of maritime animals. Other countries helped also, but the station is German notwithstanding. Supposing it does offer the naturalists of all countries opportunities for work and investigation, still a German founded it, and therefore it is German. My Carl said: "Bustle about Naples, enjoy yourself to your heart's content! Germany has reared a temple to science in the midst of all the uproar, on the most beautiful spot in Naples, and that gives me more pleasure than anything of which you are proud. Why? because my country's honour is my honour too."

The Toledo is the Friedrichstrasse of Naples, only noisier, and about a quarter as long.* What astonished me was that nobody is run over there, as the most splendid opportunities offer at every moment. But these people's nimbleness raises them above the chance of accidents. And yet carriages are for ever rushing into these knots of human beings, equipages, flies, one-horsed vehicles, omnibuses, to say nothing about donkeys and mules. Vendors go up and down, shrieking as if they were being impaled. And what is their merchandise? Three or four artichokes, some sassafras roots or chesnuts, an old hat, and, as I once saw, a halter. They yell for just as long as it takes them to find a

* Whoever has seen the Spielbudenplatz beside St. Paul's in Hamburg, on fine Sunday afternoons, with its costermongers and its hawkers, and dense throngs of people, can picture approximately for himself life on the Toledo, by multiplying the noise a hundredfold, and imagining a small street instead of a broad square.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

fitting purchaser for the halter, or until they are hoarse. But they do not get hoarse until they have disposed of their goods to the right man. And then there is much bargaining, cheapening, gesticulating, and bellowing for the sake of a few pfennigs, as if life itself were at stake. Such is the impression that it makes.

I do not know which is the more interesting, the country or the people of this country, or does each belong to the other, as music does to dancing?

* * * * *

My notes on Naples come to an end here; I had no more time for exercise of the cultivated style of writing, which is to some extent necessitated by the keeping of a diary.

The Kliebischs left after a stay of only four days. He came to return the replenished flask and took his leave of us. His wife, he said, was suffering, she could not bear the everlasting citron wine, and he had eaten some oysters, after which he had been just as seasick as Henriette was on the Lago de Garda. Besides, she was so easily terrified that she trembled and fled if any one yelled in her vicinity, a circumstance that was not to be wondered at, as one was unable to close an eye in Naples owing to the noise. "We are going to Venice, I can boat there." So he finished his explanation, and took his leave.

Uncle Fritz, however, told me the true reason why the two softies were going.

It was the following. They had been taking a walk along the harbour street called Santa Lucia—Uncle Fritz was just trafficking with a fisherman there for corals and mussels—and were looking at each other with extremely languishing eyes. The men, women, and children had made merry over this, for the Neapolitan has a quick eye for the comic side of the foreigners; and so the two lovers had become

the object of universal attention. In addition to this, Herr Kliebisch's watch had been stolen from his pocket. That vexed them so much that Naples pleased them no longer; "and if you are wise you will sew up your husband's back pockets so that nothing can be stolen from them."—I finished him off with "My Carl does not let things be stolen from him."

Santa Lucia has been much praised; the view of the bay and of the islands is certainly magnificent, and the many ships remind one of distant quarters of the globe, but there is a harbour wall there, and on this wall, or close beside it, a number of people, some of whom are only clothed in themselves, roast themselves in the sun. This might pass, but they hunt there too—I will not say what they hunt. Were they to take a comb they would certainly have a richer booty, but they make use of their fingers, and catch singly that which incommodes them, which requires practice and dexterity owing to their thick bushy hair.

We have visited none of the three hundred churches, but on the other hand we went into the National Museum, where they keep the statues, frescoes, and the many objects which have been grubbed up in Pompeii and Herculaneum. The other things, the pictures, and the rest of the art treasures I will say nothing about, as I had not sufficient time even to enumerate them. It is impossible to get to the end of the things that they had even in Pompeii, it is impossible to get to the end of even pots and pans alone. Some of these pots, however, seemed to have had formerly quite another destination than to stand about on tables before the eyes of respectable folk.

And these marble and bronze statues. Coloured natural eyes were inserted in many of the bronze figures, so that they gave the impression of being able to see, but as, according to the book, these indicated the decline of art, I went

on under protest, though I derived internal satisfaction from them, some of them squinted so very naturally.

I lighted by mistake on a small room in the museum, of which I still think with horror; perhaps the Kliebischs were in it too, and may have had their nerves upset there, for it requires a strong mind like my own to bear sights of that kind. What is Naples' censor about that such figures are not confiscated? Or let separate days for ladies and gentlemen be arranged, so as to give the matter at least a scientific appearance. Of one thing, however, I am quite convinced, the Pompeiians were a nice lot!—I was glad when we were outside again.

The begging nuisance is terrible in Naples. Not only do the halt, blind, and lame assail strangers, but healthy beggars too demand their tribute with outstretched hand.

But strangers find the cab-drivers to be even greater tormentors than the beggars. Hardly has the hotel been quitted before they drive up to their victim, and indeed approach him so closely that his passage is barred. If one has been happily got rid of, a second appears barely twenty steps further on, or else two or three drive as if for a wager to catch the fare.

In addition to all this, the boot-cleaners knock their brushes against their wooden boxes, and snatch at the legs of the passers by. All these people—beggars, flowergirls, photograph vendors, pedlers—lament, shriek, and worry the unsuspecting stranger, until in his fear he puts himself into a fly at last, and is only too pleased if its wheels do not go over his toes when it is drawing up. Everything seemed often to turn green and yellow before my eyes, and yet I cannot deny that there is something intoxicating in this surging mass.

The people ought to be seen in the Strada di Porto at evening time. There are the oil-kettles in the street, over the fire, in which polyps and cuttle-fish bubble, there the

Neapolitan eats his macaroni, which the cook fetches out of his kettle with a stick, and the guest lets slide into his mouth from above. The throngs, the smell of oil, the noise, the music of hurdy-gurdies, guitars and mandolines, the wild freaks of the crowd are indescribable. And that goes on day after day and evening after evening.

But if there be any one who can afford neither the macaroni nor a piece of melon, he may buy a handful of pumpkin-kernels for a tiny copper coin, which he gnaws while loitering about. If in addition he can get hold of a glass of the iced sulphur water, which rises in the neighbourhood of Santa Lucia, and half a lemon, the juice of which is squeezed into the water smelling of rotten eggs, then he would not change with a Berlin banker, for he has to go to Carlsbad, which the lazzaroni can do without.

Whoever has no money at all searches for the melon peel that has been thrown away, or for the squeezed-out lemons; some one of the cooks or the proprietor of a small, dirty eating-house giving him a crust of bread. People are accustomed to almsgiving, and the poor are frugal, and so easily satisfied. They know something is sure to be got somewhere. "I believe that the greatest charm of Naples lies in its people," said I to my Carl, "for the town itself is scarcely to be called beautiful."—"We must look at it some day from the outside," he answered.

We drove to Pompeii on a warm afternoon. As Uncle Fritz had to attend a good deal to his business, I studied the guide-books diligently, and found that we would pass through Portici. "We will dine at Portici," said I; "there is sure to be a hotel, either 'The Mute Girl,'* or 'The Masaniello,' with terraces of orange trees, view over the bay, etc."—Yes, indeed. A fine meal. What a disillusion!

Naples begins nowhere and finishes also nowhere. The

* In reference to the heroine of Auber's 'Masaniello.'

whole coast along the bay is Naples, and a wretched, wearisome, filthy portion of it is Portici. The macaroni hangs out to dry over the gutter amid dirt and flies, but things are more cleanly than I imagined in the factories, even although the kneading apparatus for the paste is moved up and down from a moderate distance by that portion of the human body upon which the non-macaroni baker is usually accustomed to sit contemplatively. One can wash off the street dust and the flies' visiting cards from the long tubes for the paste.

There are neither "Mute Girl" nor "Masaniello" hotels in Portici, but only miserable taverns. After this comes Resina, then Torre del Greco, then Torre dell' Annunciata, but one takes the whole interminable reach to be nothing but Portici. And, moreover, there is neither view nor anything else. Nothing but dust, houses, and high garden walls, above which blossoming trees stretch their tops as if to insult us. After two hours we halted in front of the Hotel Diomedes, through which the unsuspecting stranger enters Pompeii—a den of thieves.

I here insert an easily-to-be-comprehended letter to my daughters.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"We were at Pompeii yesterday. It is only adapted for grown-up people. After papa had paid down four lire for us, I stepped, with the most curious feelings, through the turnstile, down the steps to the old harbour gate, which is now on dry land and forms the principal entrance to Pompeii. After we had passed through this, our guide pointed to the pavement of the streets, and we there saw ruts made by the wheels of carriages at least two thousand years ago. This was touching. We then saw casts of corpses, that of a dog being amongst them. The poor

thing was smothered by the rain of ashes ; it must have suffered dreadfully. A miser who endeavoured to save his treasures perished also. We should never let our minds cling too closely to mammon ; if so, we shall be unfortunate. He was served quite rightly.

“We then saw the wells, where the traces show clearly how the Pompeiians drank from them, for the marble mouth through which the water flowed is half drunk away, as St. Peter’s big toe in St. Peter’s Church is half kissed away. Can you imagine that we were shown bread nearly two thousand years old, which was in the oven when Pompeii was buried, and has only been discovered recently ? It has become quite black, and is naturally no longer eatable.

“A photographer lives in the temple of Isis or Ibis. One’s head is fastened into the holder on the spot where the high altar stood formerly, and the plates are now prepared in the secret cellar where the oracle murmured.

“The English have their photographs taken vigorously, in order to have a proof that they really had been in Pompeii. Your mother, dear children, despises such means, which, indeed, would be of no avail for Frau Bergfeldt, for what does she know about Ibis ?

“I will select various things to tell you about Pompeii by word of mouth. As for the rest, you may believe me when I tell you that the Pompeiians were little less than swine, and if a judgment did fall upon the company, they richly deserved it. But you are still too young to understand this. That newspapers, which certainly do generally watch over public morals, should have permitted frescoes and wall decorations in those days, which even now are the horror of honest husbands, is what I cannot understand. The Press must have been at a very low ebb. Perhaps the newspaper editors did not dare say a word, as they themselves were no angels, such as those of to-day (who are

irreproachable in all respects, save that of their bad paper), and walked also in the ways of the ungodly. Dear children, it was high time for Pompeii to be buried beneath ashes. According to my ideas, things could not have gone on longer as they were.

"You must not think, however, that Pompeii is a box of toys. No; it is almost as large as Spandau, except that it looks different, and that it possesses neither soldiers nor any other inhabitants. Everything is dead and silent. The houses have no roofs, the doorways have no doors, the walls alone remain standing, and sun and moon shine upon the ruins. One might almost believe that Pompeii had been begun at the period of speculative companies and forsaken directly after the crash, before the houses had even been roofed in. This is the reason that Westend, near Berlin, makes a thoroughly Pompeiian impression in some places; it is, however, necessary to imagine in addition the view of the bay, of the mountains that glow in the red tint of evening, and of that old spit-filth, Vesuvius.—Papa is as sound as a roach; he as well as Uncle Fritz send hearty greetings. We are to ascend Vulcan the day after to-morrow. It will be magnificent.

"Your fondly loving

"MOTHER.

"P.S.—We have already become so much accustomed to Italian, that I am really obliged occasionally to ponder over a German expression. I am much afraid that when I go into a shop, on my return, I shall positively ask '*Quanto costa?*'

"*Addio! Rivederci!*

"Your

LA MADRE."

* * * * *

Our guide recommended us in his very broken German to dine at the Albergo del Sole, outside Pompeii, and

informed us that there were two paths leading up Vesuvius, the Funiculi, or steel-rope railway, which cost twenty-five lire per person, and a new company of guides at Torre Annunciata, the horse costing seven lire. The train was said to be the more comfortable way, but we ought to consider—seventy-five francs for three people!

"Wilhelmine," said my Carl, "I would vote for the comfortable way, but if you knew what our trunks have cost in overweight."

"Carl, do not speak about the trunks, they were a piece of folly. My dress is totally ruined, and who wears white suits here? Not a creature, for one is baked in the streets, and in the houses, churches, and museums the air is so like that of an ice cellar that one must take something for oneself, if one is not dressed in woollen materials. And why do Italians keep on their hats in cafés and restaurants? In order that the skull, which became heated in the open air, should not take cold in the room. The light summer material was due to my vanity; if the charge for overweight has been inhuman, I am gladly prepared to suffer for it and to renounce comfort."

"You are really very reasonable sometimes, Wilhelmine," laughed my Carl, and patted me tenderly on the cheek. "Besides, the ascent of Vesuvius on horseback is much more genuine than by means of the rope railway. A modern arrangement like that is as suitable to the old mountain as is a hedgehog in an armchair."

We dined excellently with our worthy host of the Sun, and when the visitors' book was laid before us, we found that many people, and numbers of well-known and celebrated folk had felt comfortable there before us and had taken occasion to note down the praises of the jovial man, of his attentive family, and of his cuisine, both in poetry and prose. I perfectly understood that the flies received as frequent

blame as the host of the Sun recognition. I have never encountered any more numerous or more audacious than here. There certainly was a Capucin there who endeavoured to dissipate the gang from time to time with some twigs, for which he received a small present, but I believe the flies knew very well that the monk had been deprived of a little of his intellect by the closing of his convent, for the more merrily he hopped about and wagged his palm branch the more importunate they became.

I entered our names as usual in the visitors' book : *Signor Carlo Buchholzio con moglie di Berlino, Strada Landsbergia*, as the greater number of Germans do it thus. Herr Kliebisch also wrote invariably : *Signor Klibicio con moglie di Weimersdorfio in Pomerania*. Uncle Fritz called it silly, but when people are in a foreign land they ought surely to conform to its manners and customs. Meyerbeer, too, signed himself Giacomo, although he was a child of Berlin, and called Jacob.

We bought all sorts of coral and lava ornaments from the pedlers for the children at astonishingly low prices. If they asked for three lire they got one in the end, I had learnt the business of bargaining so capitally.

There were as few weeds in the kitchen garden of the Sun as in all the other gardens, and the reason why they were so carefully uprooted, was to be made clear to me here ; it appears that they are used as food for horses and donkeys. Horse, donkey and mule stood close together in a miserable shed at the bottom of the tiny garden barely sheltered from the effects of wind and weather, and in their manger lay long weeds which had been freshly removed from the beds for them to nibble at. I carried the poor creatures the remains of bread from our meal. How they stared at me as I gave it to them and stroked their necks ! There is no place in the world where horse and donkey get more blows

than in Italy, and especially in Naples. Their drivers strike the bleeding, festering wounds relentlessly with the thickest cudgels, in a scandalous manner, when the overburdened animals can no longer get on. And when the horse or mule falls dead they work it up into sausages. It is only in this condition that the poor beasts have rest from blows.

The next morning we visited the aquarium of the zoological station. It is said to be the most beautiful in the world, as it is always filled with fresh maritime animals from the Mediterranean. I do not understand much about zoology, but when I reflected that the tanks were really only small specimens of the animal riches of the bay, that a garden prospered in its depths, whose coloured plants were composed of sea-anemones, Neptune's fans, corals, and I know not what, wherein horrible polyps, cuttle-fish, hippocampi, crabs, sea-spiders, bright variegated fish, and other curious creatures sought for prey, while the most marvellous sea-nettles, clear, rose-coloured, blue smooth-fringed and phantastically-shaped, moved through the water as butterflies do through the air, I appeared terribly ignorant in my own eyes, and vowed to procure Brehm's 'Animal Life' as soon as possible after my return, and to visit the Berlin Aquarium diligently with the children, indifferent as to whether the snake-doctor Heruns had a new monkey or not. If man discovers a gap in his education, it is his duty to fill it up. It is a pity that sea-anemones cannot be preserved out of water, for anything more charming for bonnet-trimmings can hardly be imagined. The pale green with a tinge of brown especially are very fashionable in colour, and it would therefore be very important for science to carry on its investigations sufficiently long to make sea-anemones usable. They would suit elderly ladies too remarkably well.

Herr Dr. Schmidlein, under whose direction the aquarium of the station is, was kind enough to draw our

attention to many curiosities. When I did not quite understand a thing I said, "Extraordinarily interesting." One can pass muster very well in museums, galleries, aquariums, and the like with these words, and if no further syllable be spoken, one is looked upon as extremely learned. The doctor led us to a reservoir, in front of which he requested my Carl and Uncle Fritz to take off their hats. When this had been done, he took a handful of sand from the tank and showed us small glittering silver-fish in it. "This is the lancet-fish," he explained; "according to Darwin and Haeckel, it is the progenitor of the human race. You will acknowledge, gentlemen, that veneration is due to our ancestor."—In consequence of this I made a deep curtsy to the wee fish, but could not refrain from asking: "Why then has the fish remained a fish and not become a human being?"—"Probably because the impulse towards a higher life was wanting to him," grinned Uncle Fritz at me.—"It represents the lowest step in the kingdom of vertebrate animals," said Dr. Schmidlein, "for it possesses only a so-called spinal cord and no brain."—"Extraordinarily interesting," said I.—"Why, he might easily have been made customs house official," remarked my Carl, "it would then at least have been explicable why ham should be regarded as linen, ink as glass, and tinned meat as japanned ironware."—"Does that happen in any part of the world?" asked the doctor.—"O yes," answered my Carl, "in the land of thinkers there is sometimes thinking extraordinary."

We left the instructive aquarium, breakfasted (I always had the pot of meat extract with me), and drove to Camaldoli in the afternoon. It was now that I understood for the first time the unspeakable beauty of Naples, when from the convent garden I saw part of the town and the bay at my feet, as I had seen solemn Rome from the Janiculum. Nature is jubilant here; she breathes and glows like a

woman in the first blush of youth dancing encircled by her lover's arm. One's glance ranges for miles across the sea and its islands, across that fruit-garden with its numerous villages that bears the name of happy Campania, and in the distance rises Vesuvius with its vaporous column of smoke, that spreads itself occasionally like a thin cloud far over the country. On the other side is seen Pozzuoli with the Solfatara, which also smokes, and may be taken for a child of Vesuvius. There too lies Cumæ, with the cave of the Sibyl, who was the oldest of the soothsayers, and made a good many lucky hits, the dog's grotto and Baiæ, the pleasure resort of the old Romans, with its ruins, where mendicity is greater now than insane extravagance used to be. Posilippo divides this piece of poverty and sulphureous earth from Naples. An untold quantity of wine grows on Posilippo, which is carried off by the French to be turned into claret. We did not like it, for we do not resemble Frau Bergfeldt, who only finds butter good if it tastes of the cask, and we declined the wine, which might congratulate itself if its taste were only derived from the cask. Musty is too good a word for it.

It must be confessed that the Neapolitan does not trouble himself at all about the poverty, the ruins, or the dangers slumbering in the surface undermined by fire, for he is just as used to these additions to the morsel of heaven which has fallen on earth as he is to the wretched Posilippo wine. The laughing To-day is all that concerns him; what to him are the grey past and uncertain future?

One of the monks brought us refreshments, golden wine, oranges and medlars. I got Uncle Fritz to ask him whether happiness did not reside amid all the splendour up here? The old man shook his hoary head sorrowfully. "Happiness has no fixed abode," so ran his answer; "we are only happy so long as we are seeking it." A bell, clear as silver,

sounded from the monastery church. The monk greeted us in friendly fashion and walked slowly towards the monastery—along a path shaded by vines, letting the beads of his rosary glide through his withered hands as he went. We stayed on, and, without saying much, looked into the distance, towards the sea, the town, and the blooming verdure on the slopes. It was as dreamy, as still, as a moonlit night by day. We parted unwillingly from this abode of peaceful quiet, for our hotel lay in noisy, turbulent Naples, and thither we had to repair, as the shadows were growing longer in the waning light.

The nearer we approached Naples on our homeward way, the more distinctly did we hear the accustomed hubbub of the town, until, coming from peace and quiet, we found ourselves again in the midst of bustling life. We had still time to visit the place where Charles of Anjou caused Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufens, to be beheaded. And Germany was forced to accept uncomplainingly this slap in the face from the French, because it was miserably weak and disunited. My Carl became very serious as we stood before the fountain, which plays upon the spot where, on that occasion, the scaffold was erected from which the youthful scion of Emperors cried: "O, my mother, what grief I am about to cause you!"—"Not all the water in the world could wash away the blood that has been shed here," said my Carl with emotion, "though the disgrace may have been atoned for. No one dare venture unpunished to offend Germany in the future. God bless thee, house of Hohenzollern!"

It seems as if this place, where Masaniello also broke out, had a bad renown. Many narrow, dirty alleys debouch into it, where murder and deathblows, thieves and criminals of all sorts, who understand their business thoroughly, have their abode. I was told that once, when

some gipsies were making a halt in the neighbourhood of Naples, they had a horse stolen from them by the Neapolitans. Such a thing had never happened to them before, as gipsies have had a patent for stealing time out of mind. The chief of the band indeed developed melancholia over it, and was never again quite himself. It may be imagined how little comfortable we felt when a carabineer joined our party to afford us protection, as it was already getting dark, and brought us unmolested to our hotel. At the "Pranzo" I eat cuttlefish without knowing it. It was only after dinner that Uncle Fritz told me what the small baked rings were. As at the same time an Englishwoman began to play a piece that resisted her efforts, on a piano that was all out of tune in the ladies' drawing-room, in a manner calculated to make even a dog howl, I beat a hasty retreat and meditated compassionately on Frau Kliebisch. However, I was not quite as bad as she. Natures of course do differ.

Naples does not sleep later than five o'clock. Then it awakens gradually. Single bawlers begin, they are followed by several, and at seven o'clock in the morning the din of yesterday is once more in full swing, to last until midnight. Neapolitans are in the street by day and by night, their houses serving merely as dormitories.

We were obliged to get up early in order to be with the guides for Vesuvius in Torre dell' Annunciata towards seven o'clock. We intended ascending the old chimney of the lower regions to-day.

I believe that one can get accustomed to everything, to sea, forest, mountain, plain, but it is impossible ever to become indifferent to a mountain from which smoke ascends by day and flames burst forth by night. Besides, who can tell what the monster's intentions may be, whether it will behave in a civilised manner, or will lay waste fields and

villages, and destroy men and animals in the next moment? Fire is always a dangerous element if it is not under control.

When distance surrounds Vesuvius with a blue vapour mantle by day, when the sinking sun tinges it with orange towards evening, and twilight fills its ravines with dark violet, then it is marvellously beautiful, surmounted by its column of smoke, which ascends now straight up and again is driven away sideways by the wind as if it were an innocent fumigating pastil of nature.

But when it grows dark!—Then the smoke from the lava, which occasionally rises inside the crater, glows like flame, and every five or ten minutes an uncanny blaze shows itself on the summit of the mountain. In the dead of night, when even the outlines of the mountain can no longer be recognised, the light of fire shines high up in the air. It increases in size and brilliancy, fades gradually, and then disappears completely. The same spectacle is repeated, after a short pause, sometimes weaker, sometimes stronger, but always equally spectre-like and disquieting. Our eyes search for the mountain wherever they can manage to get hold of it, from our arrival in Naples to the last look upon the bay and its shores of paradise. It seems as if it threw a spell over one: the ascent becomes imperative.

The train to Torre goes along the coast; a way has had to be hewn for it through a benumbed stream of lava, which flowed down from Vesuvius to the sea, causing it to boil over and destroy four hundred people. Umbrellas are useless against this, and even Government stands helplessly by.

The Neapolitans say: Naples commits the sins, but Torre must pay for them. And so it is, for Torre del Greco, Torre dell' Annunciata, Portici, and Resina have had the most to suffer from its outbreaks. And it must really be horrible when the air is so thick with ashes that you cannot see your

hand before your eyes, nor find your way, while flaming lava stretches to the villages, setting alight everything that is inflammable, and houses totter and fall to the ground.

"Well," said I, "if it will only keep quiet while we are on the top, I shall be satisfied."

We met with company in the guides' office. Of course they were people from Berlin, who also wished to make the ascent. We became acquainted with each other at once. One gentleman was Professor Paulsen, the celebrated painter, and the other Dr. Julius Stinde. Well, he knew me and I knew him by name, as we both occasionally write for Schorer's 'Family Journal,' which may be had in Naples too. Here were two people living in one and the same town and meeting for the first time at the foot of Vesuvius. Berlin really is too cosmopolitan.

I said to him instantly: "Doctor, you must teach me now, for I intend writing a book on Italy, and if I could import into it a dash of science, it would be enormously useful; you would hardly believe what a fashion science is nowadays."

The doctor regretted that he had not his books with him, and so was unable to comply with my request, but I did not slacken my hold of him and asked if he liked roast goose. After he had given an affirmative answer to this with a delicate smile, I said, "Next autumn I will invite you to dine off a roast goose, such as Frau Buchholz cooks; you will come, I hope?"—"Goose? Oh, certainly!"—"Good, then; just bring your books with you, we can see to the rest when the things are removed."—For everything depends on the manner in which we treat people.*

I knew beforehand that the doctor would not be

* Indeed, the goose was excellent, for Frau Buchholz sprinkles the roast with cold water as soon as it begins to brown, by which the skin acquires an ideal crackliness.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

sufficiently impolite to meet me with a refusal, for I have never seen from his pen any of those social castigations, chastising his surroundings in the public papers, for impolite behaviour. I could therefore take a certain amount of politeness for granted.

After our business had been discharged in the bureau, we were taken to a remote side street where horses were in waiting for us. Had the animals been shown to us first we should have renounced our project, for they were downright weedy beasts, which gave one the impression of not eating oats because they had never been introduced to them.

A white horse with a sidesaddle had been reserved for me. To tell the truth, I had never been in a saddle since I used to have penny donkey rides as a child at the Griebenows, and would therefore gladly have given up the expedition; but the fear that the doctor might put me into the papers, and that Frau Bergfeldt might hear of my cowardice, was greater than my nervousness; I would prefer breaking my neck to that!

I must confess that I arrived in the saddle better than I expected, but when I was comfortably settled it turned out that my steed was not like-minded with myself. Instead of going to the right it took the left, went backwards instead of forwards, as if its forelegs had been fastened on behind, until, to the delight of the spectators, it squeezed me against a garden wall, which was all the more unpleasant as I was not wearing a proper riding habit.

"Do consider that the nag is not your Carl," Uncle Fritz called out to me, "and leave it more liberty." Unfortunately my position was too critical to allow of my answering him with becoming scorn.

The guide, an elderly discreet man, took my horse by the bridle and led it, at the same time loosening my hold on the reins, and signifying that I must not hold the horse too

tightly. While doing so he cried "Piano, piano," as if I were learning how to play and not how to ride. But the animal understood him perfectly.

After ten minutes the horse and I were one in soul and heart; I could have taken the principal parts at Renz's. Now the expedition began to give me pleasure. To wander at early morning on horseback through vineyards where grows the *Lacrymæ Christi*, past peasants' houses, through groves of olive and walnut trees, beneath a blue cloudless sky—it was delightful!

We were a stately cavalcade. In front the mounted guide, then we five travellers on horseback, with a guide on foot, and a dozen big and little imps, who described themselves as horse drivers, and carried our small modicum of provisions, each one having a small portion.

And a merry tribe they were! As soon as ever we passed through a village we were greeted with an Indian yell of joy from young and old, which our ragged bodyguard answered with equally ear-rending goodwill. Then down whirred the sticks upon the horses, so that they jumped with fright, and went through the place at a trot. I felt as if my hard trotter's leaps would cause my heart to stop, but much as I strove to guard against it, our Rosinantes were forced to display their powers every time we passed through a tiny village. I felt very forcibly that I was sitting in a saddle after the lapse of half an hour.

We passed through a place called *Bosco Tre Case*, because the lava had totally destroyed it with the exception of three houses. We called a halt there, enjoyed some of the splendid wine of Vesuvius, some bottles of which we purchased, in order to have a word with them when we reached the crater on the summit.

The vineyards became scantier by degrees, and then the brown desert fields of lava, which slope gradually upwards

to the ashy cone, that appears steeper and higher the nearer one approaches it, lay before us.

At last all trace of vegetation vanishes; not a shrub, not a plant, hardly even a blade of grass shoots forth from the lava surface, not a bird visits this desert. We are upon a burning wilderness, destitute of life or movement. One might almost imagine that all the coffee dregs in the world had been transported hither in a heap, so brown and crumbly does the weather-beaten lava look.

If only those dreadful drivers did not exist. If the horse lingers while mounting the toilsome ascent, they beat it malignantly with their stick, and scream in a horrible voice: "Hrrah, moccaro, hrrah!" like maddened donkeys in fits of frenzy. Then the terrified animal makes a spring, and Frau Buchholz flies up from her seat and back again, till her ribs feel as if they were broken, and she loses her breath. But the louts hang themselves in twos and threes on the horse's tail, and let themselves be dragged on for a space until it again begins to crawl. And so on without cessation. I flew into a passion at last.

I asked my Carl for his stick, and, as soon as I had it, I hit the good-for-nothing boys over the knuckles whenever they showed the least signs of touching my ambler. That settled them. If the horse had to hurry a little, I only had to call "Hrrah, moccaro, hrrah!" and it scrambled forwards. Horses and mules have no names there, as with us, but are called simply "moccaro," until they appear in the market as "*salami*" (sausages). Names of endearment certainly are superfluous for a creature that only exists to be tormented; they are treated like orphans, whom nobody calls my darling or my pet.

We rode forwards, and all the more slowly the higher we mounted. After some three hours we stopped at the foot of the cone, and enjoyed the view, which certainly would

have been more magnificent had our saddles been rather more comfortable, for just as tight shoes spoil the most delightful ball, distracted limbs lessen the most charming of nature's pleasures, even though, as in this case, no harm whatever has been done to the eyesight. But is the human organism nothing but sight? I asked the doctor how he felt. He declared capitally. But I am firmly convinced that he was just as glad as I was to dismount from his moccaro.

However, the real difficulties were only about to begin. The equestrian part had come to an end, for it is a considerable distance from the bottom to the top of the cone, and so steep that mankind must encounter it on his own feet, if he wishes closely to observe the fumes that pour forth incessantly from the crater in dense greyish-brown clouds. The cone itself is a mass of small pieces of pumice-stone, into which the foot sinks at every step. Three steps forwards and two backwards, there is no other mode of progression.

Still worse than ash and crumbling stones are the way-layers who offer to drag the stranger to the summit for dear money, or to carry him up on a carrying chair. I could not, however, consent to give thirty lire owing to the overweight of luggage, and I did not care about taking a man to drag me up, because he smelt so horribly when he came near me. So off we started through the pumice-stone.

The higher our panting progress brought us the hotter the work became. The sun burnt down upon us from above, the mountain heated us from below, and then the toilsome wading through the crumbling mass without a halt. "Carl," said I, after about half-an-hour, "I would give a shilling for a white-wash now!"—"Well, Uncle Fritz has the flask!"—"The flask?" asked Uncle Fritz, "you must have it, or

did Herr Kliebisch not bring it back again?"—"I have forgotten it!" I answered dejectedly. Fortunately Paulsen the artist and Dr. Stinde had a pocket flask with cognac. The mouthful strengthened me, as the sound of a flute does the ship of the desert when its strength is failing.

The ground became more and more like an oven. We could only put our hands in the ashes for a short time. When we were nearing the summit steam poured from the holes that the guide bored in the finer ashes with his stick. And then, at last, we reached the top. The toilsome work had lasted for over an hour and a half.

Now we stood on the edge of the crater and looked down into a desert valley scored with rocky crevices, out of which white vapours poured. All sorts of sulphur, red and green poisonous stuff—the doctor said that they were combinations of iron and copper—clung like hellish soot to the stones, and, in the midst of this stinking valley, a second smaller cone arose, from whose summit awful surging masses of smoke rolled forth. From time to time there was a roar like a muffled cannon shot, upon which, after a time, the pieces of pumice-stone that this malignant mountain had vomited into the air, rained noisily down again into the crater. But I said: "Children, don't let us be dismayed; we will breakfast first, and inspect the witchcraft more nearly, later." As a veil of fog had encircled the summit of Vesuvius in the meantime, we were not disturbed by any sort of view. Vesuvius might hiss and scold and storm as much as it liked, for we were consumed by a terrible hunger after our fatigues. The viands we had brought from Naples were good: there was cold fowl, cutlets, bread and butter, and fruit. The guides and boys roasted the eggs in the lava, that was visible here and there on one side of the crater, and looked like slowly flowing molten metal. As in addition a man appeared with reed

water, who lent glasses as well for a consideration, we could pour out the wine according to rule, and were able to touch glasses properly. The first glass was drunk to the health of our Fatherland. Vesuvius furnished the appropriate salvoes of artillery.

When body and soul had been restored once more to their normal relations by means of food and drink, we exercised our gymnastic powers in crossing the sulphureous crevasses, and ascended the cone of eruption. We were certainly standing immediately beside the smoke and hole, but it was impossible to distinguish anything accurately amid the fumes. Even the doctor was just as wise after he had looked down as he was before, and thought that vulcanism was still as ever an unsolved riddle. I must acknowledge that this decision caused my faith in science to be considerably shaken, for if it does not know what happens to Vesuvius, which is visible to its eyes, what can it know of things that happened on earth millions of years ago, when it was not present, although it says such and such things have been? In saying this, however, I must not be understood as throwing stones at science generally, for did it not exist there would be neither aniline dyes nor salicylic acid, and what would our existence be like without these two things? A colourless, unhealthy Nothing! No, justice remains justice; science is not without its deserts.

I expounded this idea to the doctor, and asked him whether his love of investigation was not sufficiently great to make him find a pleasure in being let down into the crater by means of an iron chain, to which he answered quite dryly, "No." If, however, it had to be done, he would only undertake it in my company.

"Doctor!" I exclaimed in horror, "how can you demand that I should be burnt to death alive in that flaming cauldron?"—"Well," he answered, looking dreadfully inno-

cent, "I thought you took such a deep interest in science that you would not mind running the risk of a few square feet of blister!"—"What are you thinking about?" answered I. "Surely science exists principally for the entertainment of us ladies, and to make the terrestrial globe to some extent interesting to us!"

The doctor put on a still more innocent look, and then said, after a pause: "You are right, science is scarcely to be distinguished from amusement nowadays, but that does not make it incumbent on learned men to stake their lives as unnecessarily as their reputation." I must acknowledge that I did not quite understand what the doctor intended to convey, but I assume with confidence that it was a piece of spitefulness.*

However, I saw no occasion to involve myself in a discussion amid these smoky surroundings; when volcanoes speak, man must be silent. Besides, the mountain was conducting itself in a highly uncomfortable manner, with all its noise; but as it is, so to speak, a Neapolitan child, one cannot well demand quiet, well-bred behaviour of it. The doctor also had the kindness to inform me that on the occasion of the eruption of Vesuvius on April 26, 1872, a fissure had opened suddenly on the side of the cone, and a number of visitors wishing to see the spectacle from close at hand, had been burnt to death by the lava, a story that caused my feeling of security, which was sufficiently wavering without it, to sink considerably. The small stones which were falling down from high above us, some of which indeed touched us, the heated surface and the fumes of sulphur soon drove us away, but before we left I cried: "Gentlemen, please allow me one moment longer. Do you see these skat cards, which I have sworn to send to the place where they belong—to hell?" At the word "hell"

* I am never spiteful.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

I flung the pack of cards, which I had secretly abducted from Uncle Fritz, into the smoking abyss. Uncle Fritz exclaimed in anger, "Wilhelmine, you are ——," but he got no farther, for at the same moment there was such an unprecedentedly violent uproar in the interior of the crater, that the ground trembled beneath our feet, and we were overwhelmed by a hail of fairly sized fragments. I took nimbly to my heels and made sure that I got down, for I believed that the mountain was about to open up again, and get me into the flaming lava. My knees were tottering for a long time afterwards. In what direction Vesuvius vomited the four knaves is a problem that, like vulcanism, will probably remain insoluble for ever.

Our return across the sharp-cornered ashes in tattered shoes whose soles had been singed to tinder was a penance, yet still to a certain extent a pleasure when compared with the ride which followed it upon the mare, which was more suitable for a stool in a counting-house than for a saddle-horse. I repented me of the trunks at every kick she gave, for the chain railway would certainly not have worked me into such a pulpy condition as did moccaro.

It was not until we were seated at a well-laid table in the restaurant of Vermouth di Torino at Naples, nor till the artist Paulsen had ordered a bottle of Chianti, containing at least five litres, that the consciousness of our humanity was borne in upon us. My Carl dined off a roast quail served on a risotto. I asked: "How does it taste?" He answered: "The most miserable creature could eat it." Then I ordered one for myself.

As the professor and the doctor intended taking boat across to Capri the next morning, and as it was of consequence to me to induce the latter to edit my book, I said that we intended doing the same. Hereupon we discoursed much of science and art. When I asked Pro-

fessor Paulsen why Madonnas, such as those of the old masters, could no longer be painted, he stroked his beard and said that so far he had not attempted them. Then I asked him quietly if he would feel inclined to paint me secretly, so that I might surprise my husband with my likeness for a birthday present, but that it must be just as charming as a picture of his I had seen at the exhibition, which had aroused general enthusiasm. As soon as he answered in the affirmative we discussed details for the future, and in price too he proved to be reasonable.

Of course Uncle Fritz disturbed the conversation, for he had gone off to a shop and bought a fresh pack of cards.

I broke up our sitting betimes with my husband. My aching limbs made the walk to the hotel a very trying one for me, for it was only now, after I had been sitting quietly for a space, that I really began to feel the effects of the ride. The pain extended to my shoulder blades. "Carl," I groaned, "if only you could get a little camphorated spirits for me to rub myself with."—"Do you know what it is called in Italian?"—"Look it out in the dictionary."

But, diligently as my Carl searched, camphorated spirits was not to be found. He certainly knew many words, such as *il moccatojo*, the snuffers; *il pozzo*, the draw-well; *la miora*, the daughter-in-law, and many other words from his lesson-book, but he had not yet had camphorated spirits.

"I doubt whether I shall be able to move to-morrow if nothing be done," I complained.—"I'll tell you what—take cognac, that is a spirit too."—"Carl, you really are more practical than you look. Just hand me the flask! Herr Kliebisch has had it refilled."

I will not attempt to say what a wretched night I passed, for instead of cognac Herr Kliebisch had bought some sweet liquor which made me quite sugary. "That Kliebisch is a donkey," I scolded. "I shall take a warm bath early

to-morrow morning. I never want to see Naples again." My Carl too often teased me later by saying I had never been as sweet as I was in Italy.

We met our Vesuvius travelling companions on the steamer, and as the wheels began to revolve, and the town with its surroundings gradually extended into a gigantic picture, which became more hazy the more we increased the distance between us and the shore, I forgot the miseries I had suffered, and the anger I had given way to, in the unspeakably grand spectacle of this panorama, which is displayed in its natural condition, without the aid of peep-holes. And when, in addition, the doctor promised, in answer to my energetic persuasions, to take part in my book on Italy, I was overjoyed.

The steamer was full of people, and a band on board played and sang the merriest airs. It is almost impossible to imagine the effect that can be produced by a violin, a guitar, a mandoline, and three Neapolitan throats. Well, of course they have been accustomed to make a noise from their childhood. We landed at Capri by mid-day. Boats rowed towards the steamer, in which barefooted urchins stood, clapping their hands in time and singing: "*Muss i denn, muss i denn zum Städtle hinaus.*"

Yes, but what is this? A German song to greet us from a rock in the bay of Naples? Sweet, unexpected sounds of home, shall we ever forget how ye struck upon our hearts? Of course there was a perfect hail of copper coins. If one of them fell short, a boy flung himself head over heels into the water, and came up again with it in his mouth.

And the whole of Capri proved itself later to be like its first greeting. The sociable contented Capriotes, among whom thieves are not, love German ways. They sing German songs, not excepting "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," and show themselves trustful towards the Tedesco and Prussiano.

On the other hand they usually designate the English as *bottojoni*, i.e. button-makers, and only consider them as fitting objects for beggary.

We remained for a fortnight on this island, which, if not Paradise, is at least close upon it. We occasionally took a boat and rowed round the island, slipped into the blue grotto where the sky hovers beneath, the earth above us, sat upon the cliffs, against which waves high as houses dashed themselves, when Africa sent its sirocco across to us, made bouquets of wild hyacinths, white cistus, red irises, myrtles and laurels, and listened in the evening, when the moon drew a silver lane across the water, to the nightingale's songs in the orange groves which flooded the air with their fragrance.

We also visited the hermit living in the ruins of Siberius' palace, accepted willingly the cactus figs that his merry old cook took cleverly out of their prickly covering, and, under her direction, threw stones from the height into the white crested waves beneath. But whoever was unable to throw sufficiently far, hit not the sea, but the rocks or the fan palms that grow on the slopes of the shore. While we were as merry as children, and exulted loudly when one of us succeeded in throwing a stone as cleverly as the jolly old scare-crow of a hermit-cook, the green lizards stared at us with their wise eyes. I do not believe that there is one single stone in Capri upon which a lizard may not be found at mid-day. The little creatures are really too charming.

Victor Scheffel has consumed many a bottle of Capriote wine with the hermit, while composing his *Trompeter von Säkkingen* here. But my Carl thought the hermit's wine too much sulphurated.

"If we had a quart of Danziger's 'Hofbrau' from the Leipziger Strasse now," he said, "Timberio would be the most beautiful spot on earth."—"And what would you say if

the amiable Frau Danziger were to serve you with a beef-steak *à la Nelson* as well?"—"Let us drink to the good health of both," suggested Uncle Fritz; "perhaps their ears are tingling and they are thinking of us, as we are of the happy hours we have spent by their means." We did this, and the hermit joined in our toast.

Owing to our want of practise in Italian, a consecutive conversation with the worthy recluse was unfortunately not to be managed. I should have liked too much to know whether he had never felt inclined to marry, and what the real reason was for his not having done so. I should imagine that he is too advanced in years now to be able to aspire to a good match.

A better beverage than that produced by the pious man is to be found in the "*Deutsche Weinwirtschaft*" kept by Mohl in Anacapria, Würtemberger, who married the Bella Margarita, a beautiful fair Capriote with black eyes, dark eyebrows, and many vineyards.

Herr Mohl informed us that numberless books had been written about la bella Margarita. But everything contained in them was untrue. I believe that he would have done me a mischief had he discovered that I too write, for he hates authors desperately, who impute romances to him and his beautiful wife, which have never happened. Many of my colleagues do lie in a most culpable manner—I hope that I am an exception.

Sometimes a tarantella would be danced in the evening in the "*Hiddigeigi*." The orchestra was composed of a tambourine, and the barefooted dancers, male and female, were never tired of giving themselves up to revelry. I do not consider the tarantella a suitable dance for higher-class girls' schools if performed in its original fashion, but the Capriotes think nothing about it, for they have not had such a refined education as our children, who learn to distinguish accu-

rately between the becoming and the unbecoming, that they may be able to curl their lips disdainfully at the proper moment when something natural has been done, in order to show that they very well know what is fitting and what is not.

Where are the days on that enchanted rock, surrounded by the blue waters of the bay, which nature loves so well that she decks even the hard rocks in flowers? Where were the dreams when we awoke?

A boat took us across to Amalfi, which the English call "Emmelfei." The Saracens built part of this town. We turned in to the Albergo della Luna, which was once upon a time a Moorish monastery. We were shown the place in the strangers' book where Bismarck had written his name when he visited the town, built in a chasm of the rock, but some traveller had cut the name out. The hole in the paper is looked on as an object of veneration to the present day.

Uncle Fritz told us that those merchants with whom he had come in contact in Italy spoke only with admiration of the man for whose sake they envied Germany. That had often called forth feelings of pride in him. As a rule man should certainly not be proud, but occasionally it is even his bounden duty to have such feelings. We possess the whole Bismarck, and not only the page upon which he once wrote his name, the grand majestic man!

Fritz thought it very desirable that every German should visit foreign parts once, to discover what Germany had turned into, and what an impression of greatness it gave when viewed from outside. He would then learn to love it in very deed, not as the peasant loves his cow or his pig, for the sake of what they bring him, but as a son loves his mother—his own inviolable sacred possession.

"If only the German were not so much of an ape," answered my Carl; "he believes that everything offered by

foreign parts is a thousand times more beautiful and better than the gifts of his own country, and yet he never tries to imitate the estimable peculiarities of other nationalities, but only their stupidities and worthlessness."

"How right you are, my angel Carl," I cried. "Formerly we were obliged to wear crinoline, and now we are all figure. And then young men stare at the young ladies as if they were sculptors who have to rate the value of their models!"

"And how much of that figure is due to art?" said Uncle Fritz.

"You understand nothing about it, for you are a miserable bachelor. Were you a genuine German, you would have two sons at least in the high school by now."

So we discoursed on our way from Amalfi to Salerno, where the rock-hewn road skirts along the sea. The ruins of old watch-towers are still to be seen, where armed men kept a look out for the ships of the Saracens, who came over from Sicily, for purposes of pillage, and to take possession of the conquered country. Then there were some choice fights. If the armed men in the towers were strong enough, the Saracens got scorched, but if they were stronger than the soldiers and troopers, the latter made acquaintance with their clubs. Now in those days there was in Italy an abominable conglomeration of small States. One Republic was envious of the other, and the inhabitants of one small State stood with folded arms on the borders of the other and looked askance at its inhabitants. The natural consequences of this were bickerings of the most approved sort, and as hatred, rage and resentment forbade their assisting one another, but rather insisted on their leaving the men in the watch-towers in the lurch, the worthy Saracen annexed one piece of territory after another, and settled on it.

"I wonder what would have happened to us in seventy-

one," said my Carl, "if Germany had still been in the babyhood of the petty States system? Who knows whether we might not have been obliged to talk French in Berlin now?"

"Carl," said I, "perhaps I might have accommodated myself to the learning of French, but I should never have scolded in anything but German!"

Going *viâ* Castellamere we once more reached Naples, from which I found it difficult to tear myself, for life there is too amusing.

One cannot weary of watching the ever-moving crowds of people, nor of listening to the noise and uproar. I thought formerly that people walked about Naples in the same kind of gaudy dress that they wear in the opera "Masaniello," in which the ladies of the chorus wear red, blue, and green skirts with the dearest white aprons, while the gentlemen's hair is most magnificently dressed, and they are endowed with superlatively red cheeks; but I had formed a wrong idea of the reality, and I am now perfectly convinced of the fact that there are people in Naples who never in their lives have had a new or a whole piece of raiment on their bodies. But what matters that, when the Neapolitan does not trouble his head about such things?

Generally speaking, his views are very different from ours on many subjects, as for instance in his conception of mine and thine, for the last day that we were in Naples a new silk handkerchief and a cigar-case were stolen from my Carl's coat pocket in the open street, a circumstance that vexed me greatly. "Just wait, you Neapolitans," I cried angrily, "Vesuvius will vomit forth his contents on your heads one day for this. Did I carry the cigars across the frontier with fear and qualms of conscience for a rabble like you?"

Uncle Fritz said that he had advised me to sew up my husband's coat pockets. What else was I there for? My

Carl only regretted the cigars, he valued neither the handkerchief nor the case half as much.

When we left Rome, when the bay disappeared from view and Monte Somma cut us off from Vesuvius and all its splendour, my heart did feel rather heavy. Uncle Fritz sang the song he had heard on board the Capri steamer : "*Addio mia bella Napoli,*" and my Carl said :—

"It is all over with that !"

GRADUALLY HOMEWARDS.

Why Rome is a piece of work—Beatrice Cenci—Why the gods would not be suitable for Berlin—Why Frau Buchholz may be a giraffe—Why St. Praxedia slept on a stone—Tivoli—Why Frau Buchholz wished to be cuffed—Why sons-in-law are expensive in Berlin—Why Herr Spannbein got angry with the professor—Florence—Why Frau Buchholz has visited Italy in vain—Why Uncle Fritz sang a couplet—Venice—The last evening in Italy—Back in Berlin.

If we intended to get our money's worth we should still have to devote a number of days to Rome. Nor indeed did we work badly. We went from one remarkable sight to another, until I was sometimes as worn out as if I had been supervising a spring-cleaning.

Luckily we met Herr Oehmichen frou Glauchan, who was still on the look out for ideas for patterns, and, as he said, had only found some half available. Why? He must first get his ideas put into shape. How convenient on the other hand it was for architects who could take their ideas just as they found them, and if they took great pains with the job no one was a bit the wiser as to where they had procured their knowledge.

My Carl set him to rights, and said people built in Berlin as well as in Italy; Herr Oehmichen only required to look

at the façade of the new military academy, the combined work of architect Schwechten and the sculptor Otto Lessing, or at the Anhalt station with Thomas's decorative designs, or at Kaiser's and Gussheim's Germania; or at lead-pencil Faber's new palace in the Friedrich Strasse. There were people there also who were capable of important works.

"And the Central Hotel," I exclaimed.

"That is only for living in, not for looking at," my Carl corrected me.

As Herr Oehmichen had been looking about him diligently, we gladly submitted ourselves to his guidance. With him we visited the Pantheon, where we saw Victor Emanuel's wreath-covered grave and Raphael's tomb.

We went to the Vatican, which is said to contain eleven thousand rooms—I wonder who scours them? The Swiss Guards look as if they were all genuine Ehrentrauts, the only difference being that one of these good Swiss could comfortably cover a little figure such as this artist paints with his thumb. And the statues, the pictures, the frescoes! I sometimes got quite dizzy with the superabundance of art. My feelings were the same in the Vatican as they had been in the Villa Albani; I always fancied I was in a hospital for Antiques that are on the look out for their lost members and the glue pot, but it is just what is wanting that has true artistic value for the connoisseur.

And the mass of pictures in the palaces. The most of the people that they represent were unknown. It must be frightfully difficult to be thoroughly at home in the subject, and I can well understand how a false Rubens may be bought for a genuine one, for whoever devotes himself solely to a lifelong study of pictures, must end by becoming utterly confused.

I was interested in the Barberini Palace, into which we really strayed by accident. It so happened that Herr Oehmichen came in one morning in the best of spirits and

asked whether he might take us to see an extraordinary treasure. We consented.

The palace was on the way to the treasure. Herr Oehmichen said of designs there were none there, but there was the portrait of Raphael's beloved, painted by himself.

Of course I wanted to know what a person looked like who had been able to lead astray an artist like Raphael, who might have married into one of the most respectable families. To speak candidly I should have credited him with better taste, for this donna must have been a disagreeable, bilious-looking, large-nosed young woman. But it is a well-known fact that love makes people blind.

Besides this, there is also the portrait of a bloodless young lady there by Guido Reni—I mean the likeness of Beatrice Cenci. The horrors in the private life of these Cencis are of such a description that I do not wish to speak of them, for if a father lays snares for his own daughter, and she causes her own father to be murdered, and Justice executes by the axe both Beatrice and her stepmother, slays the eldest brother with a club, but pardons the youngest son on account of his youth, it is simply heinous. Pope Paul V. gave the Cencis' large confiscated possessions to the Borgheses. It came to light later, after this had been done, that the whole of those who had been executed were innocent, but the lawsuit was suppressed. When, as frequently happened, the Borghese acted in opposition to the Pope's wishes, the latter declared that the old papers in the Cenci lawsuit should be looked up again, and as soon as this remark was brought to the ears of the Borghese, they behaved properly. Turning out is not a thing for everybody to interfere with.

We left the horrible historic ground by a winding staircase of sixty steps, and reached the principal room in the palace, where the painted ceilings are so beautiful that

one's neck aches with looking at them. All the gods and goddesses of Olympus recline up there on clouds; Venus, whose garments as usual were rather scanty, of course making one of them. These flesh-coloured gods suit Italy very well, as it is always warm there, and fires are not used, but they have a very frozen look in the North; nor do I believe that such large vestibules and rooms as there are in the palaces could be heated during the winter with us.

The possessors of the palaces do not live in the State apartments, which appear to be more for the fee-taking servants, but they have extremely comfortable rooms like those of other people, a fact of which I frequently convinced myself by opening doors leading to their private abodes, with an effrontery I had copied from English women, and peering round them until I had seen all I wanted. If a servant or any person of that description came to bow me out, I opened my eyes wide, stared at him stonily and said: "Aouh ye-es!" upon which I was always left in peace. For the Italians know one thing accurately: a travelling Miss or Mrs. does what she chooses and not what is usual, for she knows that if her little toe be trodden upon with never so much justice, the whole of England beyond the Channel screams "Aouh" all the same. My Carl said often: "Wilhelmine, I am willing for you to play the English woman here in Italy, for we get on splendidly by its means, but I beg to forbid at once any such giraffe-like manners in Berlin." I must explain that my Carl understands by giraffes the long-necked specimens of British descent.

I could not pass the church of Maria Maggiore, one of the eighty dedicated to the Virgin, without going in. It is magnificent, a fact which may be gathered from the circumstance that one side chapel, called the Borghesi, cost over a million scudi. Roughly calculated, the scudo is worth

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four marks fifty, which brings the sum total to four and a half million imperial marks. What may the expense of the whole church have been? Let us say a principality. And there is no lack of churches in Rome! A senseless amount of money must have been dragged thither in bygone days. "We should have been richer in architecture and works of art in Germany too," remarked my Carl, "if the wars stirred up by the popes had not been fought out on German soil. The Thirty Years' War has laid our country waste and drained its resources, we must therefore look to the future if our fatherland is to become glorious in its turn, and our Imperial Chancellor does that."

Herr Oehmichen left us no time to contemplate all that splendour, as he was in a hurry to show us the treasure he had promised. We had not far to go, for the church of St. Praxedia, whither he was conducting us, was close beside that of Maria Maggiore.

He pointed in speechless enthusiasm to a slab in the left aisle. We first looked at the slab, then at Herr Oehmichen, then back again at the slab, but we discovered nothing extraordinary.

"Good gracious, man, what is there to see?" asked Uncle Fritz.—"Do you not see?" stuttered Herr Oehmichen. "Can there be anything more beautiful than this stone?"—"What sort of a stone is it?" I asked very decidedly.—"An antique table-leaf, but Saint Praxedia has slept upon it. And why? Because even the empty bedstead was too soft for her. There are people, you know, who cannot lie on feathers."—"Herr Oehmichen, what business is it of yours, or what business is it of mine on what Saint Praxedia may have lain, so long as it agreed with her? Where is the treasure that you wished to show us?"

"Here, this stone!" he cried. "Just look at this delicate ground . . . light iron-red with catechu, spun together with

pure undyed wool . . . and these black and white specks ? Have you ever seen a more beautiful pattern for trouserings ? ”

While I stood there completely speechless, Uncle Fritz said : “ I like it very much, you may lay aside a complete suit of it for me. ” — “ I am really only a wholesale dealer, ” answered Herr Oehmichen, but I will let you have a few yards of it. Why ? Because it is for you, and I am so pleased with the pattern. ”

The verger came and asked whether we would inspect the chapel of pillars, and unlocked a side door in filigree work. As I was about to enter the man stopped me and said something, I don't know what. Afterwards it appeared that women are only allowed to enter this chapel on Sundays in Lent, while the men go in as soon as they pay for their entrance. Uncle Fritz said, on purpose to vex me, that the interior of the chapel was of a heavenly beauty ; all gold and mosaic, for which reason it bears also the name of the Garden of Paradise. The most remarkable thing about it, however, were the pillars of scourging.

“ Very well, ” I answered in hot anger. “ We ladies are not allowed in. But I know this much, that I shall excite the curiosity of every English woman in the hotel about the chapel of pillars, and send one and all of them here. Then let this disrespectful verger see how he can get the better of the Mrs.'s ; and the Mrs.'s may try how they are to get into the chapel. That will be a capital joke. ” This thought restored my cheerfulness directly. Truly man requires little to please him as long as he is innocent.

I always went along the Corso with special reverence, for there the house is to be found where Goethe lived during his residence in Rome. The Roman citizens have had a memorial plate put upon it, on which is written : Wolfgang Goethe conceived and wrote immortal works in this house.

His 'Erlkönig' will surely be immortal, and his 'Faust' might possibly be so also, had it appeared without the second part, which is not at all adapted for the stage, according to what they are always writing. How usefully Goethe might have employed the time he wasted on the second part in composing some more 'Erlkönigs,' or other pretty poems of a like kind for recitation, which are badly wanted. Also divers other first parts of 'Faust' would doubtless have been welcome on the stage.

"Nobody ever reads the other things that he has written. On the other hand, the dispute as to whether Schiller or Goethe be greater, is still an open question, which, however, my youngest daughter very nearly solved in a composition written for her examination, by explaining that it was a matter of taste. And, as a matter of fact, she had not read more about either of them than is contained in a small book on the history of literature, which includes them all. But I must say that the child's intelligence is too keen.

We likewise passed through the Popolo Gate and strolled to the chalybeate spring, where Goethe drank his glass of mineral water every morning. I also had a cup of it given to me, but I felt no poetic inspiration, so I imagine that the water can have had nothing to do with his writing so many beautiful ballads.

The Rondinini palace is just opposite Goethe's house. It is celebrated because an unfinished work by Michel Angelo stands in its courtyard. If people do not find the old block sublime, they are cried down as being stupid. There is no doubt that Italian artists are estimated very differently from German ones. What a reputation Cornelius would have had, had he been an Italian or a Frenchman, incomprehensible as his superhuman productions in the National Gallery appear to me.

My nerves were completely unstrung after four days

spent in the contemplation of works of art. "Carl," said I, "I wish we were at Capri!"—"Pay a visit to Tivoli!" said Herr Oehmichen. "Why? You have nature there."—"Is Tivoli a brewery?" I asked—"No, it is only water-works without hops or malt," answered Herr Oehmichen.

He was right. The waterfalls in Tivoli, which is reached by means of a steam tramway crossing the broad Campagna, are wonderful. If they were near Berlin, an intelligent inn-keeper might make his fortune by them.

But the garden of the Villa d'Este pleased me even more than the majestic volumes of water that thunder into the depths below, for there I once more found something of the quiet in which I had revelled at Capri. Although I had never in my life set foot in this garden, it seemed like an old friend at once; I felt as if I had been there before, had seen its laurel hedges, its blossoming shrubs, its ivy-covered buildings, and its broken statues, and had inhaled the fragrance that the glistening, sun-heated air of May extracts from blossoming trees and bushes. Only I was unable to remember where it had been, and that made me mentally uncomfortable, as people always are when they strive to remember a thing and are unable to call it to mind.

All of a sudden a feeling of satisfaction came over me. . . . I remembered what I wanted. "Carl," said I, "now I know this garden. I saw it while I was still a child. When twilight came, and my mother used to tell us the fairy tale of the Sleeping Beauty, I felt as if I saw the enchanted castle with its roses, its ivy and thick hedges, just like this garden here. Just look how thousands of pale and dark red roses bend gently downwards from the terraces like a veil of flowers, how festoons of roses forbid an entrance into the cool grottos, and how Neptune in his watery home lies embedded in roses, as if he, too, belonged to the courtiers of the Sleeping Beauty's court. The only sounds we hear

are the splash of the half-ruined fountains and the warbling of the birds. My Carl, if this be not fairyland, then it is nowhere."

We sat down upon a stone bench in the shade of the big dark cypresses, and let our eyes follow the path leading to the castle, across the rose-clad terraces, up the steps with the broken cupids, past the fountain and its glittering spray, up to the statues on the cornices of the castle, which stood out white and aerial against the clear blue sky. And blossom and fragrance were to the right and left of us, pomegranates unfolded buds red as sealing-wax, aloes stretched their gigantic, blossom-covered trunks towards the sunshine that gives them life, that matures oranges and lemons on the trees whose branches bear fruit and blossom together, as if they did not know how to part from their riches, and were forced to give according as they were able. "Carl," said I, "thump me, so that I may know whether I am really awake." He gave me a kiss. My Carl is just too good. Uncle Fritz would have given me a real good knock. But, thank God, he had business in Rome.

We were thoroughly refreshed by the time we reached Genio's in the evening, where we usually took our supper. While the gentlemen were hammering away at their skat, I usually made a note of my experiences, and was doing the same to-day. While I was in the middle of my work, an elderly lady accosted me suddenly: "Possibly you are a colleague?"—"How so?"—"Well, I am an authoress and as I saw you writing I took the liberty——."—"Quite delighted!"—And in fact this meeting was a pleasure to me, as I now saw for once in my life, a real, live, professional authoress. We very soon made friends, and the lady—she writes under different names for German magazines—gave me much information about Roman life.

"Ah," she said, "everything here is not gold, as the stranger fancies who only passes through it. The poverty is greater than one imagines! Have you noticed the elegant equipages with their still more elegant occupants on the Pincian Hill of an afternoon?"—"Where the young dandies pay court to the ladies?"—"Just so; there are many foreign ladies amongst them."—"But how do you explain their intimacy with the young men?"—"Their object is to make acquaintances. There are many high-sounding names among them, but their glitter is all external."—"Aha, the cuffs are more valuable than the shirt."—"That is it. Here they are called Mascalzoni, or sometimes two-lire stockholders. They dine off a few penny-worth of macaroni in some cheap cook's shop, and then rush through some aristocratic restaurant, from which they saunter forth into the streets, toothpick in mouth to make believe that they have dined there."—"Cheap but aristocratic."

"In Italy the eldest son inherits the property, the younger ones are poor, and try to discover how they are to keep up the semblance of nobility without work. The ladies naturally feel extremely flattered when a Count Annibale, or a Count Orazio, or even perhaps a Marchese Eduardo may be numbered among their courtiers."—"That certainly counts more than when Müllers or Schwanns have to be included in the invitations at home."—"The society of well-to-do foreign ladies is pleasanter for these young people than lounging about in the Corso or on the Piazza di Colonna, with their everlasting spitting in the streets. Therefore they never refuse an invitation for a good dinner, they willingly accept a diamond pin, or let their tailor's bills be paid without remonstrance, and in return they turn up their eyes with all the greater fervour afterwards."—"Things are different with us," I answered. "If in Berlin, a young man

of family condescends to frequent the houses of rich nobodies, he usually has debts and the intention of becoming their son-in-law. Large sums are then necessary, first of all to put his finances into a satisfactory condition, and then the dowry must not be too small, so that he may be able to improve the paternal acres, and to keep race-horses and shootings. But should he notice that there is nothing but pin-money, he breaks off the intimacy abruptly, and the caviar, truffled turkey, fine claret and bottles of champagne have simply been flung out of the window. But should she get him, and become a "Frau von," his family still look upon her as aluminium gold. Besides who will guarantee the father-in-law against his son-in-law contracting future loans privately, at a high interest, and is the latter sure that his father-in-law will not put again into his business the large fortune into which he married with such drawbacks? Then he has got *her*, and she does not become more beautiful."

"The Mascalzoni is less pretentious, he calculates each ardent glance only at so many soldi."—"These circumstances furnish you with magnificent material for writing, my dear colleague," said I.—"Ah no," she answered. "What people want are genuine Italian stories, abounding in murders and death-blows. Their scenes must be laid in the Abruzzi. He must be a robber, she is in love with a German painter, or with some rich, singular foreigner, whom the robber kills, whom she either denounces or stabs to death with her own hand. If they only knew how many people I have destroyed on paper, they would take me for a monster. But people must make their living. Besides literature I provide for the housekeeping, for my husband is a painter."—"What does he paint?"—She sighed. "I suppose he was too young when he came to Rome, and not sufficiently independent to take his own line in art, and

he may have fancied that he could not fail to surpass the old masters , now he copies them for a trifling remuneration.

“He was poor and had to earn money. Nobody bought his own compositions, for Romans do not expend money on modern paintings, and foreigners only want copies of the most celebrated works of the past.

“So the course of time has deprived him of his own creative power, and he must copy for daily bread as I write for it. An artist may perish in Rome, surrounded by art, dear Madam, for it is impossible for him to compete with the old masters, they crush him. How fortunate you are who live beyond the Alps, where a new fresh life does not begrudge a tiny green spot to weaker talents, where they may be developed. Germany, thou rising star, why have we, thy children, become old and powerless in Italy’s glowing heat, in the heartless flood of humanity that surges together in Rome? Thou hast risen too late for us.”—She dried her eyes, for her husband came in. I looked at him carefully. It was the first care-worn face that I had seen in the South.

We now let our conversation turn on indifferent topics. She asked me what was the best mode of washing woollen materials? I said, with luke-warm water, some soda and black soap, then it remained soft. She thanked me. So that, too, belonged to Rome.

The next day we visited the celebrated Sistine Chapel. It is completely dismantled, and gives one a strong impression of falling into decay; but owing to its boundless celebrity, every visitor feels it his duty to consider it magnificent, for humanity in the world of art is just like the sick horse who would only take his physic after lengthy persuasion. Perhaps I am guilty of a great art heresy; but, nevertheless, I acknowledge candidly, that many engravings are more

pleasing to me than their originals, which have been damaged by age, and are so thickly coated with the soot of time, that cress might be sown in them.

Is it worth the trouble of climbing up twelve flights of stairs to see how the Stanze of Raphael have been destroyed?

But fees are taken for the inspection of the most dilapidated works of art, in a way that is perfectly astounding.

There were a large number of people in the Sistine Chapel, which is merely a large room in the Vatican, and many of these, tall as they were, were lying on their backs upon the seats, that they might the more conveniently stare at Michel Angelo's ceiling pictures through their opera glasses, a proceeding that looked very unpolished. High above them on a lofty scaffold, sat an artist who was copying a bit of the ceiling. It was Herr Spannbein.

There was barely time for mutual recognition before he descended from his perch and greeted us. Things had gone badly with him. Quenghuber ordered him to make drawings of painted ceilings for his work. "And if he were only satisfied with my labours!" moaned Herr Spannbein; "but he looks at the drawings, reads up the subject in his confounded books, and then says: 'technically, very good, but I miss the expression of glorified ideality, which, according to the book, the original possesses.'"

"But why does he not compare them with the originals?" — "You know what an immoderate snuff-taker he is. Sometimes hitting him on the back fails in its effect, and he coughs as if he were going to expire. Therefore he takes his books with him, and reads aloud from them to Otilie, upon which he asks, 'Is that right?' If Otilie answers 'Yes,' he marks the place, and demands from me a sketch of the ceiling-painting spoken of. But if she says 'No,' he growls; then the picture has nothing to do with me. In

order to make my life easier, the gentle girl more often says no than yes. So snuff has its good sides for me."

"Had I been in your place, I should have flung the work long ago at the professor's feet," remarked Uncle Fritz.

"I cannot do that; the longer I remain near Ottilie the more devotedly I love her."

"Then elope with her, and leave the old gentleman with his snuff to compile the new work from the old books on his own account."

"I have once dared to make a similar proposition to Ottilie, but she fears that her father would break his heart if we carried it out."

"But does he know that you and Ottilie love each other?"—"It is because he knows it that he torments me."

"Then he has got no heart to break," said I. "Our time has come to an end; we are going on to Florence in a day or two," said Fritz. "Come with us."

"I will take Ottilie under my wing," interrupted Uncle Fritz.—"It cannot be done!" groaned Herr Spannbein.—"Then there is no way of helping you."

In the evening we went to Morteo's in the Corso, and drank Dreher's beer. Quenghuber and Spannbein were there too. Our conversation turned naturally on art. Quenghuber said at last, that the whole of modern art was rubbish, and that the old masters were the only real artists.

"People cannot get the old masters to work for them now," I interposed, "and therefore it is necessary that there should be new ones."

"They should form themselves on the ancients, on the eternally ideal in form and colouring. If they do not do this, criticism cannot take them seriously."

"Nor will the artist take a criticism seriously, that chooses such rubbish for its standpoint," answered Herr

Spannbein, who in his wrath was drinking pretty quickly and pretty freely.

"What?" screamed Quenghuber, "you speak disrespectfully of criticism. It must be much more severe than it has been, for so far art only fears it, there is not a trace of improvement."

"I am not afraid," exclaimed Herr Spannbein, "and if I only knew who the anonymous critic was who cut up my 'Noble Lady with a Parrot,' I would let him have it. My picture not only met with the approval of my companions in art, but had also found a purchaser, who, however, was frightened off his bargain by the lashing criticism. And what was wanting in the picture? Grasp of subject, idealism, and the beauty of form common to the old painters. That was all for the moment. The nameless writer has no idea of painting!"

"You are a rebel," the professor cried in a passion.

"Do you still take that ignoramus under your protection?" asked Herr Spannbein in a tone of provocation.—
"Certainly, for I wrote that article myself!"

Now the fat was in the fire.

"I do not retract a single word," said Herr Spannbein quietly, "and I take this opportunity of saying that from this moment I shall not pay the least attention to art gossip. The old painters are dead, and we younger ones are having our day. And there's an end of the matter."

Quenghuber left with Ottilie. She gave a pained glance towards the painter in leaving, but he kept his seat in wrathful silence.

"Perhaps you were a little too hasty," said I to Herr Spannbein, after Quenghuber had closed the door on the outside. "No," he answered, "the bow was stretched too tightly, it was bound to break. Who gives that man the right to revile my artistic production in the newspapers before

the eyes of all the world, because his opinions on art are not the same as mine? What authorizes him to praise or to blame? His knowledge? It is not infallible. His experience? Art produces novelties of which experience must first be gained. And besides, who has appointed him guardian of the public taste? Surely no one but himself!"

"If his criticisms did not please the public they would surely refuse to listen to them," suggested my Carl.

"Have you ever heard of deposed critics?" Herr Spannbein asked in excitement. "Tyrants have been driven from their thrones before now, but never from their inkstands. If the former believe that the people exist solely on their account, the latter positively think that artists work for them alone, to provide them with material for their pen and therefore for their sustenance."

"These are sad unnatural conditions, for what worth can art have in the eyes of the public, if criticism be turned into a trade? How is the artist to be advanced in his endeavours, or the public to have their understanding enlightened?"—"Whoever courts publicity for his works must agree to accept the public verdict," said my Carl.—"And supposing a Quenghuber comes, and applies his wrong scale and trumpets forth his wrong judgment to all the world? What then?"—"I confess," answered my Carl, "the thought did strike me, that artists might occasionally produce something that was not quite correct, but it never occurred to me that critics could arrive at a wrong conclusion, and so I perceive that when viewed from this standpoint, praise and blame may be alike void of meaning."

"Therefore I have done with Quenghuber," exclaimed the painter. "I have had much to suffer from his wrong conclusions, it is well that I know now it was he who wrote the spiteful article."—"And Otilie?" I asked.

Herr Spannbein rose and left the room without giving

me an answer. He had right on his side in my eyes, for it would have been too dreadful if the young promising artist had ruined himself by servile imitation of the old masters, like the husband of my Roman colleague.

The following day Herr Spannbein came to see me. Would I take Otilie under my protection, she had made up her mind to leave her father? The old man had desired her to renounce her love, and then only had she felt how deeply she loved!

This is romantic to the last extent, I thought, and exactly suited to you, Wilhelmine. "But children," I asked, "what is to be the end of it?"

"It is all the same to me," he answered, "I know that I am beloved, more than man ever was before."

Well, everybody thinks that who has learned to know what love is; I said just the same when I was engaged to my Carl, although I love him now more fondly than on the day my father said to me: "Wilhelmine, Herr Buchholz has asked me for your hand, if your ideas and mine are the same you will accept him."

* * * * *

We left for Florence by the evening train. Otilie's whole demeanour was quiet and determined, I should scarcely have credited the delicate girl with so much energy. "My father has wronged him," she said, "and I must now make up for his sins."

We had passed several days in Florence, but no tidings had arrived from Quenghuber, as I confidently expected they would do. The longer matters remained unsettled, the more painful it was for me, especially as Carl was not at all pleased with our having interfered. I advised him to telegraph our address to the professor, as something would have to be done.

I had put a nice rod in pickle for myself in undertaking

the part of unrelieved sentinel. Did the two stroll into the park at Florence, into the Cascine, I had to go too. Did the fancy seize them to parade the town by night, it was my duty to accompany them. Did they wax sentimental in the Boboli Gardens, I too had to sit on the cold marble benches and listen while they discoursed of their boundless love. What business was it of mine?

And I followed them unwillingly through the town of an evening, for too often a troop of masked apparitions of the Pisa kind emerged from one of the side streets, bearing torches in their hands, and carrying a corpse on their shoulders, while they sung horrible dirges. I cannot attempt to describe how gruesome it was, nor how terrified I felt each time the Misericordia confraternity came unexpectedly upon us. How often I sighed: "O that this state of things might come to an end, otherwise I am certain to fall a victim to melancholy."

One morning when we were in the Uffizi, in the so-called "Niobe" room, I embraced the opportunity of giving the two lovers a few gentle hints.

"Why do all the figures express such depths of grief, Herr Spannbein?" I asked quite naively.—"Apollo is shooting Niobe's children with his arrows, for these are signified by the rays of the sun-god."—"I have never heard of a whole family getting sunstroke together," I answered.—"The thing must not be looked at in that light," returned Herr Spannbein, "even though Apollo's arrows do signify the rays of the sun. Niobe raised herself above the gods. . . ."

"And then they shot at her?"—"Oh, no, that is asking too much. The artist merely wished to show what amount of misfortune might be heaped upon a family at a single blow, and therefore every one who contemplates entering the marriage state should carefully consider whether he can

look for happiness when a father's blessing is wanting. The parental curse demolishes the most beautiful homes."

I had scarcely spoken the words before Ottilie became as pale as death, and burst into a flood of tears, which made her look just as bowed down by grief as the wife and children of Herr Niöb, who by the way has not been sculptured with the rest.

"She is dying!" exclaimed Herr Spannbein.

I drew Ottilie towards me, sat down beside her on a bench, and began consoling her. "It is not as bad as all that, child," I soothed her; "a person may curse for a long time before as much as a wall tumbles down."

"I should not have left my father if you had not promised me your protection," she sobbed. "Oh, Frau Buchholz, it is your fault that my father has repudiated me for ever!"

"Indeed yes," said Herr Spannbein. "It is your fault. that neither happiness nor good luck follow us. You advised me to elope with Ottilie."

"Oh! It was Uncle Fritz who did that."

"His conscience will not allow him to sleep."

"You do not know much about Uncle Fritz. Putting that aside, it is quite in the ordinary course of things that I should be the scape-goat of your love adventures. I quite realize that I am too good for this world. So far as I am concerned, you may both rush headlong on your destruction. I wash my hands of you!"—"I have got rid of them," I thought.

But not a bit of it. Ottilie held me fast and implored me not to desert her. She had barely known her own mother, and had always felt when she saw me that I meant as well to her as a mother could. She was afraid of Spannbein, who was also weighed down by a father's curse. "Protect me," she whimpered, "if you repulse me, I have nobody left on earth." She knelt before me and held me

tight. I bent down to her, and glanced reproachfully at Herr Spannbein, as if he had been Apollo and I mother Niobe, whose small daughter he had struck with his deadly arrow.

"You can see now the mischief that young men do, when they break into unprotected families, where a mother's watchfulness is wanting. Fie, Herr Spannbein. You really are a wretch!"

He was speechless, and as neither Ottilie nor I said any more, we resembled the old marble figures accurately, with only this difference, that we were dressed in stuffs, and did not make a group for ever, but left the place.

Ottilie remained with me, and walks only took place when it suited me. Uncle Fritz told me later that Spannbein had said he thanked God in heaven above, that I had not been made his mother-in-law, and had suggested that criticism was dreadful, chiefly because she was nothing but the mother-in-law of art, and believed herself to be doing good, when she was not the cause of positive mischief.

It was a piece of good fortune for Herr Spannbein that I only heard this offensive remark on the other side of the Alps, otherwise matters would have been unpleasant to him for a time.

At last Quenghuber came. I happened to be sitting in the hotel parlour writing a letter to Frau Kliebisch about apartments in Venice. Ottilie was with me when he entered. He remained standing at the door, and only said one word: "Ottilie!" She sprang up and fell sobbing on his neck.—"So you really do love me?" he asked her softly.—"Herr Professor," I took up my parable, "children will be children, and the bigger they are the more trouble they give; I also have two daughters."—"I will not wish for you that some one will some day help to entice them away from you," answered the professor; "it is too painful to be

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forsaken by the one object one loves upon earth!"—"May God protect me from it," I cried.—"Papa," asked Otilie, "can you forgive him too?"—"I suppose I must if you are to remain with me," he answered sorrowfully. "I cannot bear separation from you!"—"You have hurt him, but he will forget it, as you are going to forget it. And in how different a spirit will he take your advice, when under the influence of affection in place of strife and discord."

He kissed her on her forehead. I left the two alone and went to look for the gentlemen. "How extraordinary," I thought; "as a father he possesses a heart, and as a critic he is as cold as ice. And yet people always say that art ennobles man!"

We celebrated the betrothal in the evening. I do not feel certain as to how the professor and Herr Spannbein will get on together in the future, but I have confidence in Otilie, she is sure to discover the right way to a complete reconciliation.

We were about as merry at the betrothal as at a funeral. It was doleful. It is pleasanter to read about romance in books than to be mixed up with it in real life. Our stay in Florence was really spoiled to me by the Quenghuber-Spannbein episode. The two collections of paintings in the Uffizi and the Pitti palace afforded me some consolation while there; I felt sometimes as if the pictures were gates, through which one caught sight of a more beautiful world. The only thing I cannot understand is that I got the same inexplicable feeling of presentiment of that world, just as much when looking at the fat burghers of the Dutchman, or at a portrait by Dürer, as when I was inspecting Italian pictures of saints. That I suppose must be the secret of art.

Quenghuber told me, when I imparted to him this idea of mine, that I was still far removed from having a true

understanding of art. So it is for nothing that I have been in the numerous Italian galleries, which after all people visit principally in order to turn themselves into accomplished connoisseurs in the space of at most six weeks.

But we spent a most delightful day at Fiesole, and be it said without the Quenglhübers. We were exceedingly merry among ourselves in the old theatre there. My Carl and I seated ourselves in the Auditorium, while Uncle Fritz stood on the stage, that was still in a very good state of preservation, and sung a song with the refrain :—

“ An der Quelle sass der Knabe ;
Was nützt es ihm—er konnt' nicht ran ! ”

Afterwards Uncle Fritz made the audience, and my Carl and I danced a polka. We wished to see for once what theatricals in the open air, as witnessed by the ancients, may have been like, and besides the past can only be clearly understood by calling it to life again.

Our circular ticket had nearly run out, and Venice had still to be visited. Spannbein returned to Rome with the Quenglhübers, to sketch diligently for the work on painted ceilings, so much he had been obliged to promise the professor. May luck go with him. Let us hope that he may accustom himself to the ancients and Quenglhüber to the youngsters. I mean to the young Spannbeins. As soon as the old gentleman is provided with suitable occupation, such as doing nursemaid, playing at horses, etc., he will drop criticism of his own accord. Possibly too he will advertise his son-in-law so vigorously and continuously, that the latter will become a very big personage in a few years, and always go to bed with a laurel wreath encircling his brow.

On reaching Venice and going outside the station, we saw a broad expanse of water before us, and houses standing in

the water. Besides the steps there were a number of extraordinary boats with black chests looking like coffins. "Is there cholera here," I asked, "as so many people are being buried at once?" However it was explained to me that those floating hearses were the celebrated gondolas.—"Pleasant state of affairs," I answered, "they build their houses in the water, and drive out in coffins."

There was no help for it; into a gondola we had to get if we wished to proceed on our way, however uncanny it might be to me. We then passed through a confusion of streets always on small canals. And it was so still at mid-day that we heard the splash of the oars; there could not be less noise in the chamber of death.

The Kliebisches were waiting for us in their hotel, where they had taken rooms for us. They were very cheerful, for there was no hubbub to terrify them here as it had done in Naples, and he thought that gondolaing was a delicious amusement, especially when they rowed out to the sea and fished.

He was right. One soon gets accustomed to the ugly black boxes; and to glide along the grand canal by moonlight, reclining on soft cushions, to meet other gondolas with their many coloured lanterns, and to listen to music and singing on the water, is truly wonderful.

If only everything had not fallen into such decay in Venice. The crumbling palaces give one the impression that happiness has deserted them for ever, with no intention of returning. It is only by moonlight that all things look new, for Venice is dreaming then of her olden grandeur and we dream with her.

The Piazza San Marco is the grand meeting-place of Venice. When the military band plays of an evening, the public stroll up and down in broad processions. Every note of music can be heard, for the Venetians are not as

noisy as the Neapolitans. Thousands of pigeons enliven the place by day. They eat out of people's hands, and come flying down in masses, when they see that some food is going to be given them. And withal they are very well-behaved.

The lottery numbers are drawn every Saturday at the foot of the bell tower of St. Mark's. All Italy gambles. In every town there are lottery offices, where poverty may purchase hope for a few soldi, and whence the State draws the best part of its income. People crowded one against the other to hear the numbers fresh from the barrel. There was not a sound. The numbers, called out as they were drawn, were distinctly heard. The multitude grew more silent at each number. Once more there was nothing. Only the last number—it was a five—elicited a shout of joy. Some barefooted boys made their way impetuously through the crowd, and while exclaiming gleefully: "*Le cinque! le cinque!*" they rushed in mad haste across the broad flags of the square to take the glad tidings home that five had won. The others could begin to stake afresh.

The historic ground is horrible in Venice. The cells in the Doge's palace, which are shown for a lira, are terrible. They adjoin one another in a small dark corridor, at the end of which there is a low door. The condemned were executed here. The blood flowed through a hole into the water, and the corpse was flung through the door into a gondola, which rowed out to sea where it was sunk. The prisoners could see nothing, but the tiny air-holes enabled them to hear what was passing in the corridor; how the executioners came, how they arranged the block and sharpened the axe. When the last prayer was being said, they too could fold their hands, and resign themselves to the fact that their turn would come presently. Then all was still, quite still, they could just hear that there was

movement, and the breathing of those whom they could not see. Then a muffled blow, and there was noise again. The judges went, the executioners cleared away, and when the sound of the last footstep had died in the distance, the incarcerated were left once more to darkness and awful terror, for nobody was certain of not being beheaded.

The portraits of the Doges hang beside each other in a row in the great council chamber. In one spot, however, a black veil has been painted instead of the picture. This place was destined for the portrait of Marino Falieri, who also was executed. I was interested in this gap, because I once saw in the theatre an exciting tragedy by Heinrich Kruse, called "Marino Falieri. How thankful people ought to be to poets, who build up a whole world on a morsel of the past, in such a manner that the spectator forgets it as little as the traveller does the countries the sight of which has charmed him. In fact the poet is said to lead mankind into the fairyland of poetry, and that is a journey too, in its way.

We said farewell to the Kliebisches who remained behind us. "It has given me great pleasure to make your acquaintance," said I. "Should you come to Berlin, I hope you will visit me." They promised to do so. Frau Kliebisch thought besides, that if one wished to hear good music one would be obliged to go to Germany, and the best is to be had in Berlin.—"And in large quantities!" I concurred.

Uncle Fritz left us to pay another visit to Genoa, and to convert the experiences he had made so far, into money, by concluding various business engagements. "Kind regards to your friend, Frau Bergfeldt," he called after me as we were steaming towards Verona. He really cannot exist without vexing me.

* * * * *

We were once more in Verona, in the first Italian town we

had set foot in at the beginning of our journey. It was sleeping still just as it had been then. But how much we had lived through in the time!

My Carl and I sat in the Giardino Giusti, where a warm west wind rustled softly through the mysterious cypresses as if it would call us back again to the glorious South. Why did it woo us so flatteringly? Did it know that we too had drunk of the Fontana di Trevi in Rome, and that our hearts would never lose their longing for Italy?

Verona lay before us on the river, in the distance the snow-clad peaks of the Alps blushed in the purple of the setting sun. "Our last evening in the South," said my Carl, "our Germany lies yonder beyond the mountains, life and its trials are awaiting us there.—"Would you like to remain here?"—"Carl, beautiful as the earth is here I feel a longing for home." Darkness was falling when we left the garden. Verona's streets were still. We too went to sleep. Good night, Italy!

* * * *

I cannot attempt to describe my feelings when we entered the Anhalt station. "Berlin," I cried exultingly, "we are back again once more! Be greeted a thousand-fold, Berlin!"—The children were waiting for us on the platform. It was a delight! We took an open fly. Unter den Linden the trees were decked in the most magnificent green. What does the South know about our spring?

The imperial standard was fluttering merrily on the palace, in bright sunshine. We stole a look towards the corner window, but we did not see the Emperor. He was at his work.

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